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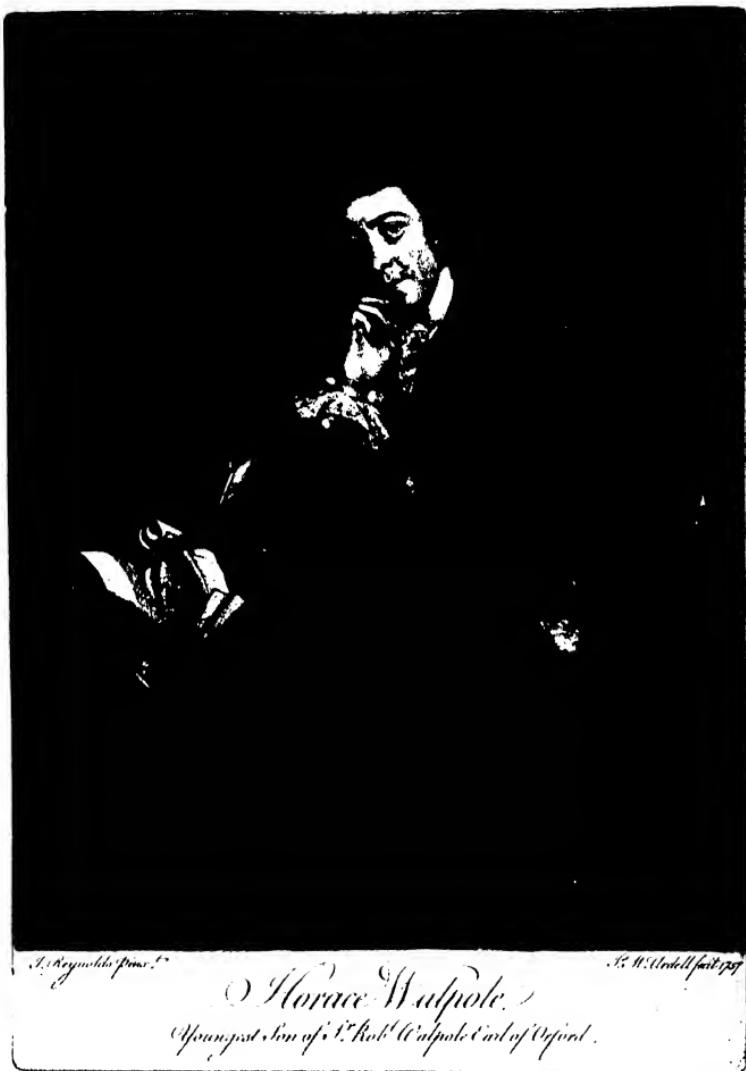
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*A Selection of the Letters of*  
**HORACE WALPOLE**

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J. Reynolds pinx.

R. W. Hindle fecit 1791

Horace Walpole,  
Youngest Son of R. Robt Walpole Earl of Orford.

*A SELECTION*  
*OF THE LETTERS OF*  
HORACE WALPOLE

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Edited by W. S. LEWIS

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*Fully Illustrated*



TWO VOLUMES  
VOLUME ONE

New York and London  
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS  
MCMXXVI

*A Selection of the Letters of*  
**HORACE WALPOLE**

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Printed in the U. S. A.

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*First Edition*

II-A

TO  
PROFESSOR CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

My dear Mr. Tinker,

It may seem odd that a book whose hero is Horace Walpole should be inscribed to the champion of James Boswell, but in the language of dedications, 'Without you this book would never have been written.' Nor does your responsibility for it go back merely to the morning when you suggested the doing of it, but to that morning, twelve years ago, when I entered my first class in Yale College, found you the instructor of it,

and so became

Your humble and devoted servant,

W. S. LEWIS



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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THE text of the letters is that in Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition. With a few exceptions I have printed the letters *in toto*. The exceptions are letters of unusual length, a considerable part of which are less interesting. I have indicated the omissions wherever they occur.

The notes followed by a T. are Mrs. Toynbee's, and I am indebted to the Oxford University Press and to Dr. Paget Toynbee for permission to use them. My thanks are also due to Mr. Arthur Case of Yale University for suggestions in the difficult selecting of the letters, and to Mrs. Nicholas Moseley for indexing and correcting the proofs.



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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

*With Notes by the Editor*

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WHEN a collector who specializes in one narrow field pauses in his enthusiasm to wonder how it all looks to the uninitiated, he trembles for the verdict. How, exactly, did he arrive at this pass? How justify the money and time eagerly expended upon the merest trifles? These, are different questions to answer.

*My cherrystones! I prize them,  
No tongue can tell how much!*

Calverly is unsparing. The answer is to turn again to one's cherrystones—

*With reverent hand I'll polish  
Still, still my cherrystones!*

By way of polishing the cherrystones illustrated in these volumes, I am adding here fuller descriptions of them than a mere caption will allow. To Walpolians I need make no apology. For no one ever enjoyed the collecting of 'unconsidered trifles' more than Horace Walpole himself. He enjoyed them with the inveterate collector's passion for acquisition, but he was not merely an acquirer. He read his books, he described his prints and paintings and miniatures; his annotations and interleavings make him a model for *virtuosi*. Never did a collector more thoroughly pore over his collections, for they were, in a sense, his vocation. Walpole thought of himself as the unofficial historian of his age. All was grist that came to his mill. What were un-

considered trifles to others were to him all-important pieces in his mosaic. Therefore it is hoped that this assemblage of memorabilia is not as inconsequential as it may at first appear, and that, through the glimpses it affords, a fairer estimate of Horace Walpole may be reached.

Unless otherwise stated, the illustrations are from items in my Collection. I am indebted for permission to reproduce material in their Collections, to Mrs. H. P. Davison, of Locust Valley, L. I.; to Mr. Percival Merritt, of Boston; to Mr. Robert Hartshorne, of Highlands, N. J.; and to the authorities of the Harvard College Library and of the New York Public Library.

### VOLUME ONE

#### THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

*Frontispiece*

By McArdell after Reynolds. The print from which this was taken came from the scrap-book made by Walpole of memorabilia relating to his father's house at Houghton in Norfolk.

#### WALPOLE'S BOOKPLATE IN A COPY OF HORACE

*Facing p. 2*

The date, 1733, would lead one to suppose that he used it at Eton. In a fly-leaf he has written:

*Non placet ille mihi, plena inter  
pocula quisquis  
Dissidia et Martis bella cruenta  
refert  
Sed qui Musarum Pahpiaque  
illustria dona  
Comescet, lepidis deditus estque  
jocis*

*Anacre:*

And again:

*Et non amare duram est  
et est amare duram  
Durissima omnium res  
amare non potiri*

*idem*

There is another state of Walpole's bookplate, the chief difference being that the name is in a more elaborate script with extended flourishes from the H. W. and p.

MADRIGAL, BY RICHARD WEST

*Facing p. 9*

Formerly in the Waller Collection. It was printed, with the other West manuscripts in that collection, by Dr. Paget Toynbee in the Appendix of *The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West and Ashton*. Dr. Toynbee has the following note on Saint-Gelais:

'Mellin de Saint-Gelais (1491-1558):

*Depuis que j'eus l'heur de vous voir,  
J'ai vu du monde quelque espace;  
Mais point n'ai vu meilleure grace,  
Ni que j'aimasse mieux avoir.*

(*RECUEIL*, vol. i, p. 165)'

Dr. Toynbee also points out that West's signature was appended in Walpole's hand.

LITTLE-KNOWN PRINT OF GRAY, FROM A DRAWING BY MASON, ENGRAVED BY HENSHAW

*Facing p. 17*

There was not a copy of it in Sir Herbert H. Raphael's Collection. Writing to Mason, January 9, 1773, Walpole says: 'From Cambridge I am told there is a very good print of Gray, done by one Henshaw, as a companion to yours.'

THE FIRST PAGE OF LORD HARDWICKE'S COPY OF HIS *Walpoliana*  
*Facing p. 27*

This was a collection of anecdotes about Sir Robert Walpole. The author was the second Lord Hardwicke, who, with his father, the Chancellor, was particularly distasteful to Horace Walpole. Writing to Mann in Florence on January 8, 1784, Walpole gives his opinion of *Walpoliana* and its author. 'Lord Hardwicke is a great oaf, both in the book he has written, and in thinking it worth being sent so far as to Florence. The ignorance in it is extreme, and so are the blunders. . . . This pretended friend [Hardwicke] was reduced to fish in the kennels of Grub Street, to eke out his meagre anecdotes of a man whose long administration might have furnished so many; but like his lordship's other publications, they are dead before him! He has all his life resembled an angler, who stands for hours and days by a river with a line and hook, and at last catches a paltry dace or bleak, which no mortal will touch.' It will be noted that, as if in reply to Walpole's charges of ignorance and inaccuracy, Hardwicke, in annotating his own copy, gave as his first three sources, 'From Mr. H. W.'

LADY MARY CHURCHILL, BY ECKHARDT

*Facing p. 33*

This was bought by the editor at the Arthur Tooth sale at the Anderson Galleries in February, 1925 where it was number 26, and where it was described as a Francis Cotes. Fortunately, the artist had painted 'Lady Mary Churchill' in the upper left-hand corner, and although there must have been other Lady Mary Churchills, the marked resemblance to Walpole led to the picture's purchase on a gamble that it was Walpole's half-sister. A search through *A Description of Strawberry Hill* disclosed, in 'The Rerecitory or Great Parlour'; 'Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert and Maria Skerret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of general Churchill; in a veil, with a music-book before her:

by Eckardt.' Thus it was not only the portrait of Walpole's sister, but Walpole's own copy which he commissioned Eckardt to paint for Strawberry Hill. It was number 39 of the twenty-first day's sale at Strawberry Hill in 1842, where it brought eleven guineas. Eckardt was a young artist whom Reynolds brought over from Germany. Walpole took him up and even addressed his poem, *The Beauties* to him. He is perhaps best known for his portraits of Walpole and Gray now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery. The marked family resemblance between this portrait and the one of Walpole (when about the same age) by Richardson is interesting as tending to dispel the rumor current in the Eighteenth Century that Walpole himself was the natural son of his mother by Carr, Lord Hervey. For if that were true, he and Lady Mary (the natural daughter of Sir Robert) might be expected to bear no family resemblance whatever.

## LADY POMFRET'S PEDIGREE

Facing p. 45

On September 1, 1750, Walpole wrote to Mann: 'I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning, infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my Lord both descend from Edward I, by his two Queens. The pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue!' Lady Pomfret's daughters, incidentally, were the Ladies Charlotte and Sophia Fermor, to each of whom Walpole was at various times reported engaged.

## THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

*Facing p. 62*

From a contemporary drawing pasted in a copy of *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries*. The Duke's excesses both as Lord March and as 'Old Q.' were the talk of the town for sixty years.

## LITTLE STRAWBERRY, BY MARY BERRY

*Facing p. 77*

Walpole allowed Kitty Clive, the actress, to live in Little Strawberry, or 'Clive-den,' until her death in 1785. In 1791 he made over the house and grounds to the Misses Berry. According to a note written by Mary Berry in the upper right-corner, this sketch was made in July, 1796. It is from her sketch-book which she began at Pisa in 1791. Walpole wrote to her in May of that year: 'You are learning perspective, to take views: I am glad . . . and although I shall not flatter Mary so much as to suppose she will ever equal the extraordinary talent of Agnes in painting, yet, as Mary, like the scriptural Martha, is occupied in many things, she is quite in the right to add the pencil to her other amusements.'

## THE BOOK WHICH MÜNTZ TOOK WHEN DISMISSED FROM STRAWBERRY HILL

*Facing p. 84*

On November 7, 1759, Walpole wrote in his *Journal of the Printing Office at Strawberry Hill*: 'Began to print the Account of the New Encaustic. Lucan was postponed, but Mr. Müntz my painter being turned away soon after, from whose discoveries and improvements the Account was drawn up, I laid aside the Account, and resumed Lucan. He afterwards published another account of the Encaustic himself.'

## THE FIRST OUTPUT OF THE OFFICINA ARBUTEANA

*Facing p. 95*

## GARRICK TO GRAY

*Facing p. 100*

In his *Journal of the Printing Office at Strawberry Hill* for October 17, 1757, Walpole notes: 'Printed two dozen copies

of Mr. Garrick's stanzas to Mr. Gray, occasioned by his odes being but moderately well received by the public.' Walpole subsequently printed three dozen more, making sixty copies in all. There were six stanzas, and they were printed on a single sheet of paper.

## LADY CECILIA JOHNSTONE

Facing p. 114

The note under St. Cecilia is in Walpole's hand and according to another note of his the lady is his life-long friend, Lady Cecilia Johnstone (Miss West in the text). In the New York Public Library.

FROM WALPOLE'S COPY OF BENTLEY'S *Patriotism: A Mock-Heroic*

Facing p. 123

Walpole collected all the plays, pamphlets, poems, and cartoons as they came out and bound them up in uniform calf bindings with his arms on the sides. This is from his series, 'Poems of Geo. 3.' On the title page of each item he wrote the month and often the day of publication, giving the author's name when necessary, and he not infrequently made pungent notes in the margin similar to the one illustrated.

## PROSPERITY TO HOUGHTON

Facing p. 127

Walpole's copy, with notes in his handwriting, of this broadside. It was originally in his scrap-book of memorabilia relating to Houghton.

KIRGATE'S COPY OF *The Anecdotes of Painting*

Facing p. 133

The second edition. The notes are in Kirgate's handwriting, the similarity of which to Walpole's has often led to its being sold as Walpole's. From Mr. Robert Hartshorne's Collection at Highland, N. J.

## FROM A CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

Facing p. 140

This was the Exhibition of 1764. As the Historian of English Painting, Walpole religiously attended all art

exhibitions and never tired of visiting and recording his decisions upon great private collections. It will be noted that he did not share in the popular admiration of Benjamin West's work.

**LE CHEVALIER D'ÉON***Facing p. 154*

Walpole extra-illustrated his copy of the book described in the text, and this illustration of d'Éon as a man is taken from it.

**COLE'S COPY OF *The Castle of Otranto****Facing p. 156*

Cole has filled two fly-leaves with extracts from letter 49 and from one written to him February 25, 1765. On still another fly-leaf he has written the following:

*"To the honourable and ingenious Author of the Castle of Otranto  
Thou sweet Enchanter! at whose Nod  
The airy Train of Phantoms rise:  
Who dost but wave thy potent Rod,  
And Marble bleeds, and Canvas sighs.*

2

*"By thee decoy'd, with curious Fear  
We tread thy Castle's dreary Round:  
Though horrid all we see, and hear  
Thy Horrors charm, while they confound.*

3

*"Full well hast thou pursued the Road,  
The magic Road thy Master laid;  
And hast, with grateful Skill, bestow'd  
An Off'ring worthy of his Shade.*

4

*"Again his Manners he may trace,  
Again his Characters may see,*

*In soft Matild, Miranda's Grace,  
And his own Prospero in Thee."*

Mr. Montagu Summers in his edition of *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother*, 1924, quotes these verses and points out that they were printed in the *S. James Chronicle*, having been written by 'Philotrantus,' who, he says, was 'Birch.'

## THE DUC DE NIVERNAIS—OR NIVERNOIS

Facing p. 175

By McArdell after Ramsay. This is Walpole's copy of the print which he put into his *Lettres de d'Éon*. Austin Dobson says of the print in his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes: Second Series*: 'To Ramsay also we owe the most successful likeness of Nivenais himself, and it was excellently reproduced in mezzo-tint by McArdell. While it fully bears out the Duke's reputation for gentleness and amenity, it also exhibits unmistakable signs of ill-health.' And in a footnote on the print he adds: 'This should be rare, as the plate was destroyed by the Duke after a certain number of copies had been struck off.'

## A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE FROM WALPOLE'S COLLECTION

Facing p. 179

This and the cartoons opposite pages 114, 340, 355, and 385 are from a folio in the New York Public Library which originally belonged to Walpole. In the front of it he wrote: 'Here follow a few of the best Prints, selected from a vast number, that were published on the changes of Administration in 1782, 1783, and 1784 on the Coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North, on Mr. Fox's East India Bill in 1783, and on the Westminster Election in 1784.' All the notes are in Walpole's hand.

## THE PRINTING PRESS AT STRAWBERRY HILL

Facing p. 191

A little known print—not in Raphael.

THE REV. WM. COLE, BY G. P. HARDING *Facing p. 200*  
From an original drawing made of Cole after his death.

A TICKET TO STRAWBERRY HILL *Facing p. 204*  
This ticket was first printed in 1784, before Walpole's accession to the earldom, when, of course, it read 'Mr. Walpole' instead of 'Lord Orford.' The diary of visitors to Strawberry Hill which Walpole kept and which is now in Mr. Percival Merritt's Collection, shows how carefully he took his rôle of showman.

MASON'S LIST OF PRESENTATION COPIES OF *The Heroic Epistle* *Facing p. 214*

Mason sent this list to the publisher with the manuscript. It will be noted without surprise that, notwithstanding Mrs. Macaulay and Wilkes, the list is discriminating.

FROM WALPOLE'S COPY OF *The Heroic Epistle* *Facing p. 225*

So important did Walpole feel Mason's later poems, especially "*The Heroic Epistle*," to be, that he edited them with the fullest possible annotations. 'Mr. Mason's earlier poems,' he wrote in an Introduction, 'being written on general subjects want no exposition. His later works, tho equally clear and intelligible to the present age, abound in allusions to persons and events of the times; and would become obscure to Posterity, unless accompanied by some account of the anecdotes referred to, which often are barely hinted at.' Dr. Paget Toynbee has edited this material and it has been published (1926) through the Oxford University Press. The manuscript is in the Harvard College Library.

## VOLUME TWO

STRAWBERRY HILL, BY FARRINGTON *Frontispiece*  
This is the original drawing by J. Farrington for Boydell's *History of the River Thames*, which was published in two folio

volumes, 1794-6. Farrington's drawings were engraved by J. E. Stadler and were colored. The book was dedicated to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. The first entry in Farrington's *Diary* tells of a visit to Strawberry Hill in 1793.

THE STRAWBERRY HILL *Lucan*

Facing p. 240

The most successful, typographically, of the Press's publications. 'Did I ever tell you,' Walpole asks Mason, 'a ridiculous blunder that happened to our edition by Mr. Bentley's and my carelessness? He had chosen for the motto a note out of the MS., in which there were these words, *Multa sunt condonanda in opere postumo*, so they stand in the title-page, but alas! Mr. Bentley had rejected the note, and thus the motto quotes a note not to be found in the edition.'

## GARRICK

Facing p. 251

From Walpole's Collection, 'Theatre of Geo. 3.' By Charles Spooner after Hudson. Not in Raphael.

## COLE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND PROBLEM

Facing p. 257

Cole's notes in his copy of *Fugitive Pieces*. In the second issue of the *Fugitive Pieces* a note was inserted by Walpole following page 216 stating that the picture at Windsor called 'The Countess of Desmond' was not her portrait, but that of Rembrandt's mother. Still further light (or confusion) is thrown by this note of Cole's. From the Collection of Mr. Percival Merritt of Boston, Mass.

THE FRONTISPICE TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF MRS. (AFTERWARD LADY) MILLER'S *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath*

Facing p. 269

There were four volumes of *Amusements* in all. 'The rapid sale of an entire edition of the *Poetical Amusements* ten days from its appearance,' sang Lady Miller in her Sec-

ond Preface, 'calls for a Second Edition of the First, and justifies our publication of this Second Volume.'

**WALPOLE'S COPY OF *Braganza****Facing p. 272*

From his Collection, 'Theatre of Geo. 3.' The author, Robert Jephson, was for a time Walpole's playwright—in the sense that Gray and Mason were his poets, and Bentley and Lady Di Beauclerk were his painters. Walpole wrote the Epilogue for *Braganza* and encouraged Jephson to dramatize *The Castle of Otranto* under the title, *The Count of Narbonne*. On the play's successful appearance, however, Jephson proved temperamental and was dropped swiftly down the *oubliette*.

**FROM 'THE THEATRE OF GEO. 3.'***Facing p. 279*

In his various collections Walpole made a list similar to this one on the back of the front cover, frequently pasting in, as here, pertinent clippings of contemporary notices.

**FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT***Facing p. 283***A PRESENTATION COPY FROM SIR JOSHUA***Facing p. 286***'THE EPISTLE OF ANOTHER KIND,' BY GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON,  
LORD MELCOMBE***Facing p. 291*

From the original manuscript. On the cover of the manuscript are two notes by Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, the editor of Dodington's *Diary*: 'Compare the following Epistle to Lord Bute, with the Epistle to Pollio (Sr. Rob. Walpole) in the MSS. collection of Poems. Page 67.' 'It also appears by the inclosed papers that during the Interval of the Administration of Sr Rob: Walpole and Lord Bute, the Epistle had been addressed to Frederick, Prince of Wales.' The Epistle to Walpole was quite different from this, but the time-serving Dodington did write this version

first for the Prince of Wales, merely changing the Prince's name to Bute's when that worthy came into power.

A letter from Edward Young, the poet, accompanies the manuscript, which had evidently been sent to Young for his correction. The final line of the poem read:

*And thine it is, if we can judge Aright,  
From Morning Brightness of Meridian Light.*

Young's letter begins with a sprightliness unlooked for from a creator of so many skeletons:

‘What, my Good Lord! if it ran *thus*  
(viz.) . . . . if we can judge aright  
From a fair Morning of Meridian Light.

‘As to yr other place, ye 4 verses you have reinserted  
sets all Right.

‘I am much obliged by ye Serious Ode You sent me,  
as I think it introduces me to your Heart; wh I find in  
good Health. The Ode is a beautifully finished Piece.

‘We in ye Country Stare and wonder, and look as  
Wise, and as well satisfied as we can; and talk much  
because we know not what to say.

‘Your thinking some of my notes not Useless to you,  
gives me Pleasure, for indeed, I am

My Dear and Hond. Lord  
yr Affectionate  
and much Obliged  
and most Humble Srt  
E. YOUNG’

Octr. 17, 1761

‘There is an Ease and Simplicity in ye *abov:-alteration*, (wh I think right, Especially in an Epistle)  
and all most the Reverse of Flattery.’

WALPOLE'S COPY OF *Percy*  
From his 'Theatre of Geo. 3.' Facing p. 302

THE REV. J. HACKMAN Facing p. 309

The murderer in the greatest *cause célèbre* of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. James Boswell attended Hackman's trial throughout and rode to the scaffold with him. Hackman's object in carrying two pistols was the cause of a scene between Dr. Johnson and Topham Beauclerk. This drawing was pasted into the *Tenth Edition of the Case and Memoirs of the Late Rev. Mr. James Hackman, And of his Acquaintance with the late Miss Martha Reay, etc.* It was originally in the library of Henry Merrick Hoare, Mrs. Thrale's son-in-law.

LADY CRAVEN'S 'LITTLE TALE' Facing p. 317

LORD GEORGE GORDON'S COPY OF *Scotland's Opposition to Popery*  
Facing p. 324

A collection of resolutions drawn up by Scottish towns in opposition to 'The Popish Act' which inspired the Gordon Riots. The wealth of symbolism in the binding—John, the Baptist, Scotch thistles, drums, cannon, and trumpets, must have been gratifying to the people's leader.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MRS. VESEY Facing p. 335

An unpublished letter from Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Vesey, dated 'Bath Dec ye 8th' [1784]. Formerly in the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

A CONTEMPORARY PRINT FROM WALPOLE'S COLLECTION  
Facing p. 340

A CONTEMPORARY PRINT FROM WALPOLE'S COLLECTION  
Facing p. 355

The principal figures in the Rockingham Ministry—

Burke, Conway, Charles Fox, Admiral Keppel, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Shelburne, and Rockingham.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, BY ROMNEY

*Facing p. 359*

In the possession of Mrs. H. P. Davison, of Locust Valley,  
L. I.

TWO PAGES FROM A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, 1780-83 *Facing p. 363*

Walpole filled these little books with anecdotes, *pensées*, light verse, etc. On the pages illustrated he has written (in part):

'In Dr. Taylor's Ductor Dubitantium is a story like that of my Mysterious Mother, and said to have happened at Venice.

'Feb. 3rd, 1782.

'Sr. John Hawkins told me when Dr. Sam. Johnson was about his edition of Shakespeare, he, Sr John, told him that now he had finished his Dictionary for profit, he supposed he would now labour for fame. No, sr. replied Johnson, there is no incitement to writing but necessity. And Sr. John told me that a Clergyman had very lately told him a story to the same purpose. That Clergyman being with Johnson, said to him 'Dr. Johnson, you write with such facility, I wish you would write a sermon for me.' 'No, sr, sd Johnson, my pen is only excited by gain. I am so used to write for the heathens (the booksellers) that I cannot write for nothing. When I wrote my Rasselas, I knew they cd. not do without me, and I made them pay five guineas a sheet. If I write for you, you must pay me.' The Clergyman understood the five guineas a sheet as the price. I don't know why he called the booksellers heathens, unless for their worshipping such a foul idol.' See *Toynbee* xii, 158-159.

WALPOLE'S BINDING

*Facing p. 379*

The binding Walpole ordinarily used in assembling his contemporary collections of poems, etc.

## A CONTEMPORARY PRINT FROM WALPOLE'S COLLECTION

*Facing p. 385*

Murphy's *The Way to Keep Him* was performed at Richmond House three days before the date on the print. Nearly two months later Walpole wrote about it to Lady Ossory: 'I am very far from tired, Madam, of encomiums on the performance at Richmond House, but I by no means agree with the criticism on it you quote; and which, I conclude, was written by some player from envy. Who should act genteel comedy perfectly, but people of fashion that have sense? Actors and actresses can only guess at the tone of high life, and cannot be inspired with it. Etherege, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber wrote genteel comedy, because they lived in the best company; and Mrs. Oldfield played so well, because she not only followed, but often set, the fashion. . . . The Richmond Theatre, I imagine, will take root.' Mrs. Damer, it will be noted, is the actress on the left. In the New York Public Library.

## THE TRIBUNE

*Facing p. 395*

The Tribune at Strawberry was one of Walpole's favorite rooms. It was designed originally as a chapel. That it preserved an air of 'holy gloomth' is indicated by the Duc de Nivernois's removing his hat, to Walpole's great delight, upon first entering it.

## LA CHEVALIÈRE D'ÉON

*Facing p. 400*

From Walpole's extra-illustrated copy of d'Éon's *Letters*. D'Éon's change of sex was apparently proved in a case involving certain wagers which were to be paid the plaintiff when d'Éon's female sex should be proved. As a result of the decision, d'Éon was forced to wear female dress, which he did for the rest of his life.

MRS. DAMER	<i>Facing p. 407</i>
From a copy of this print which Mrs. Damer inserted in her set of proofs of Harding's illustrations for Walpole's <i>Royal and Noble Authors</i> .	
MRS. PIOZZI AND DR. JOHNSON	<i>Facing p. 414</i>
From Walpole's Collection of contemporary prints. In the New York Public Library.	
MISS BERRY'S BOOKPLATE	<i>Facing p. 425</i>
<i>Hieroglyphic Tales</i>	<i>Facing p. 428</i>
One of the rarest of the Strawberry Hill editions, only seven having been printed. On the flap of the copy reproduced here Walpole wrote:	
‘A Strawberry Edition to be delivered on my death to Thomas Barrett Esq., of Lee in Kent. H. W.’	
From the Collection of Mr. Robert Hartshorne, of Highlands, N. J.	
THE PRESS TO THE BERRYS	<i>Facing p. 433</i>
WALPOLE TO PINKERTON	<i>Facing p. 440</i>
Number 2732 in Toynbee.	
KIRGATE'S SWAN-SONG	<i>Facing p. 452</i>
Written six months after Walpole's death. Walpole left him only £100, which was commented upon at the time as an act of ungenerosity to an old servant; but as Dr. Toynbee has pointed out (in <i>The Journal of the Printing-Office at Strawberry Hill</i> ) evidence exists which proves that Kirgate abused Walpole's confidence as his secretary, and that when he died, not many years later, he possessed a considerable property.	

LADY HAMILTON, BY ROMNEY	<i>Facing p. 446</i>
In the possession of Mrs. H. P. Davison, of Locust Valley, L. I.	
SKETCH OF GOODWOOD, BY MARY BERRY	<i>Facing p. 458</i>
From Mary Berry's sketch-book.	
MRS. DAMER'S BOOKPLATE	<i>Facing p. 470</i>
The bookplate was drawn by Agnes Berry.	
LETTER NUMBER 149	<i>Facing p. 477</i>
In Kirgate's hand except for the date, the salutation, a few corrections in the text, and the last line. Mary Berry wrote the line, 'Lord Orford died in less than two months after the date of this letter.' The other notes were made by W. W. Waller. Although dying, Walpole had the letter returned to him as the address, 'Lord Orford, Berkeley Square,' shows.	

## INTRODUCTION

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BOOKS of this kind must have an Introduction—for the few who read Introductions. The editor is expected to step nervously forward in a prologue and justify his company as best he may; and though in the present case nothing could be easier, this prologue will not attempt to cry up the charm and importance of Horace Walpole. The most indifferent reader may discover the first at a glance. To define and analyze his importance would be to rob the more thoughtful of a gradually unfolding pleasure. Walpole's letters have often been likened to a novel; the pleasure of following the slow development of his life is akin to that given by the greatest novels. That being so, it would be a pity to give it all away before the beginning, although, as a concession, I have placed after this Introduction a long extract from his *Short Notes of My Life*.

The letters have been chosen from the whole range of Walpole's life, from his nineteenth to his eightieth year. Nearly thirty-five hundred letters have been published, and the difficulties of choosing one hundred and fifty or so from such a number are obvious. The present editor has been guided by various motives: the desire to show a few great moments in the century and a few of its most characteristic people through the eyes of its wittiest chronicler. He has, above all, been anxious to show the character and personality of Horace Walpole.

Walpole has been unfairly treated. Nearly a hundred

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## INTRODUCTION

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years ago Macaulay dispatched him in a brilliant and querulous essay. Walpole himself never sank to the spitefulness of that attack. Spitefulness and a fear of ridicule may be found in the following letters, but so also may be found loyalty and generosity and thoughtfulness and courage and independence. Walpole's many interests—social, political, literary, artistic, antiquarian, printing, 'collecting'—gave him the widest theater on which to exercise his extraordinary gifts of observation and his tireless appreciation of the *comédie humaine*. His method may be said to have been the opposite of James Boswell's. Boswell took one man and with him illuminated the surrounding scene; Walpole began with the surrounding scene and illuminated one man—himself. It may be the highest tribute that we can pay him when we say that he does not suffer when brought into focus with the magnificent panorama of his time.

Probably no editor of 'Selections' has ever done his somewhat graceless task without hoping (if his heart is at all in it) that he may be the means, with his island-like selections, of some reader reaching the mainland. The mainland in this case extends to nineteen volumes, which, at first, may seem too many. The surprising unavailability of approaches to it like the present has left it quite uncharted for even the well-read 'general reader.' Critics of the eighteenth century have had to approach it, for nowhere else may be found so large a section of the time, but they have too often been content, with the notes of Macaulay's extravaganza in their ears, with snatching hasty bouquets from the garden beds along the shore. Those who have, in a different spirit, ventured boldly inland,

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## INTRODUCTION

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have been rewarded by hours and hours of entertainment. They have found it a varied land. Life is abundant there; it is easy and it is amusing; and if it is not quite Arcadia, if the vegetation even when in ‘full greenth’ has a suggestion of the sere along its nether surfaces—why, it only serves to emphasize its kinship with our own world and to increase our appreciation of it.

‘You have,’ sums up Professor Saintsbury, ‘been “in society”; society sometimes a little unedifying, but never very bad, and almost always amusing. You have the key of it, and you can return when you like and have time.’ And again, ‘If the old game of selecting a thirdsman for “The Bible and Shakespeare” in a library of three were resuscitated, Horace Walpole’s Letters might be, by no means in mere joke, put forward as a candidate. It is certainly a striking contrast to the other two, and it cannot be said to duplicate anything that they contain. But it supplies the mere pastime which one of them at least does not pretend to offer, and almost everything in which it is wanting or faulty one or other of them will furnish or correct.’



# SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

*by Horace Walpole*

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I WAS born in Arlington Street, near St. James's, London, September 24th, 1717, O.S.

I was inoculated for the small-pox in 1724.

April 26th, 1727, I went to Eton School, where Mr. Henry Bland, (since Prebendary of Durham), eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, Master of the School, and since Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton, was my tutor.

I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1731, my father intending me for the law; but I never went thither, not caring for the profession.

I left Eton School September 23rd, 1734; and March 11th, 1735, went to King's College, Cambridge.

My mother died August 20th, 1737.

Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom House, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent-places in the Exchequer, called Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats.

My father's second wife, Mrs. Maria Skerret, died June, 1738.

I had continued at Cambridge, though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went with my cousin Henry Conway to Rheims, in Champagne, stayed there three months; and passing by Geneva, where we left Mr. Conway, Mr. Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we stayed three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister. Clement the Twelfth dying while we were in Italy, we went to Rome in the end of March, 1740, to see the election of the new Pope; but the Conclave continuing and the heats coming on, we (after an excursion to Naples) returned in June to Florence, where we continued in the house of Mr. Mann till May of the following year, 1741, when we went to the fair of Reggio. There Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio of a kind of quinsy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty.

I went to Venice with Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Joseph Spence, Professor of Poetry, and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes, and by the way of Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, and through Languedoc to Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans, arrived at Paris, where I left the Earl and Mr. Spence, and landed at Dover, September 12th, 1741, O. S., having been chosen Member of Parliament, for Kellington, in Cornwall, at the preceding General Election, which Parliament put a

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years.

February 9th, 1743, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the house in Downing Street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington Street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the additional building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington Street in which he died, 5,000*l.* in money, and 1,000*l.* a year from the Collector's place in the Custom House, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

In August I took a house within the precincts of the Castle of Windsor.

In 1747 I printed my account of the collection at Houghton, under the title of *Aedes Walpolianæ*. It had been drawn up in the year of 1743. I printed but two hundred copies, to give away.

In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

In 1748 were published, in Dodsley's *Collection of Mis-*

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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*cellaneous Poems*, three of mine: an *Epistle to Mr. Ashton from Florence* (written in 1740), *The Beauties*, and the *Epilogue to Tamerlane*.

One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

January 11th, 1751, I moved the Address to the King, on his Speech at the opening of the Session.

About this time I began to write my *Memoirs*. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

Feb. 8, 1753, was published a paper I had written in a periodical work, called the *World*, published by E. Moore. I wrote eight more numbers, besides two that were not printed then; and one containing a character of Mr. Fox, which I had written some years before.

This year I published a fine edition of *Six Poems of Mr. Gray, with Prints from Designs of Mr. R. Bentley*.

In March, 1755, I was very ill used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

In Feb. 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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June 25th, I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

Aug. 8th, I published *Two Odes by Mr. Gray*, the first production of my press.

In Sept. I erected a tomb in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, for Theodore, King of Corsica.

In Oct. 1757, was finished at my press an edition of Hentznerus, translated by Mr. Bentley, to which I wrote an advertisement. I dedicated it to the Society of Antiquaries, of which I am a member, as well as of the Royal Society.

In April, 1758, was finished the first impression of my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, which I had written the preceding year in less than five months.

March 17 (1759), I began to distribute some copies of my *Fugitive Pieces*, collected and printed together at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

1760. Jan. 1st. I began the lives of English Artists, from Vertue's MSS. (that is, *Anecdotes of Painting, &c.*).

1761. June 12th. I was attacked in a new weekly paper, No. 2, called the *North Briton*, and accused of having flattered the Scotch in my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*.

1764. I began *The Castle of Otranto*, a Gothic story, and finished it Aug. 6th.

Dec. 24th. *The Castle of Otranto* was published; 500 copies.

1765. April 11th. The 2nd edition of *The Castle of Otranto*; 500 copies.

Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London, from Paris.

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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Aug. 18th. Began *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.*

1767. March 13th. Wrote to the Mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again.

Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet.

1768. Feb. 1. Published my *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third.*

March 15. I finished a tragedy called *The Mysterious Mother*, which I had begun Dec. 25th, 1766.

June 20. Received a letter from Voltaire desiring my *Historic Doubts*. I sent them, and *The Castle of Otranto*, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a controversy; especially on a matter of opinion, on which, whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on mine.

1769. April 24. Mrs. Clive spoke an epilogue I had written for her on her quitting the stage.

1772. Finished my Memoirs, which conclude with the year 1771; intending for the future only to carry on a Journal.

Sept. 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the King his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave.

1774. Wrote an introduction to, and a parody of, Lord Chesterfield's three first Letters.

1777. In April my nephew, Lord Orford, went mad again, and was under my care, but as he had employed a lawyer, of

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.

1779. In the preceding autumn had written a defence of myself against the unjust aspersions in the Preface of the *Miscellanies of Chatterton*. Printed 200 copies at Strawberry Hill this January, and gave them away. It was much enlarged from what I had written in July.

(The continuation of these notes was supplied by  
Mrs. Paget Toynbee)

1779. February. Sale of the Houghton pictures to the Empress of Russia.

August. Walpole concluded the purchase of a house in Berkeley Square, which was his town house until his death.

1780. Death, at Paris, of Walpole's friend and correspondent, Madame du Deffand, aged eighty-three. She bequeathed to Walpole her MSS., and her dog, 'Tonton'.

1781. Walpole published his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, in order to put a stop to the issue of a pirated edition.

November. Production at Covent Garden of Robert Jephson's tragedy, *The Count of Narbonne*, founded upon Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*.

1786. November. Death, at Florence, of Walpole's friend, Sir Horace Mann, with whom he had corresponded for forty-five years.

1788. Beginning of Walpole's intimate friendship with Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

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## SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

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1791. December. Walpole succeeded to the Earldom of Orford on the death of his nephew, the third Earl.

During 1791 he made over the house and grounds of Little Strawberry Hill to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

1793-1796. Horace Walpole (now Earl of Orford) during these years suffered from constant attacks of gout. His time was chiefly passed in the company of the Miss Berrys, or in corresponding with them during their absence.

1797. Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford, died in his house in Berkeley Square in his eightieth year.

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*A Selection of the Letters of*  
**HORACE WALPOLE**

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*A Selection of the Letters of*  
**HORACE WALPOLE**

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*i. To George Montagu<sup>1</sup>*

[Aetat 18]

King's College  
May 6, 1736

Dear George,—I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy, to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the greatest actions of other people, are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles, that every man can call to mind of himself, while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond,<sup>2</sup> set into little heart-rings with mottos; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable. Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes, and policies, engage their thoughts, and at the same time that they

are

<sup>1</sup> George Montagu (d. 1780), sometime member for Northampton. His friendship with Horace Walpole began at Eton and lasted until within ten years of Montagu's death, the breach, according to Walpole, being due partly to political differences, and partly to caprice on Montagu's part.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The "Pitt Diamond" was bought for about £20,000 in India by Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the Earl of Chatham) when Governor of Madras. It was purchased from him in 1717 by the Regent Duc d'Orléans on behalf of Louis XV, for £130,000. The fragments from it when cut were valued at several thousand pounds.—T.

are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth for any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! how unexperienced they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom only for the pleasure of being driven from it, and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia,<sup>3</sup> I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy; and saw Windsor Castle in no other view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum*. I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a school-boy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my

stars

\* *Clelie*, the celebrated novel by Madeleine de Seudéry.—T.



WALPOLE'S BOOKPLATE IN A COPY OF HORACE



stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the Asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove; not in thumping and pummeling King Amulius's herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plough; one, that one should have thought, had worked with his head, as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles,<sup>4</sup> and

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

2. To Richard West<sup>1</sup>

[Aetat 21]

Paris

April 21, N. S. 1739

Dear West,—You figure us<sup>2</sup> in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find; cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas, indeed, are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating *majre*: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which, in some parts, beats

ours

<sup>4</sup> Charles Lyttleton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.

<sup>1</sup> Richard West (1716-1742), son of Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Bishop Burnet. He was educated at Eton (where his character and literary tastes gained for him the friendship of Walpole and Gray) and at Christ Church, Oxford. He died June 1, 1742. His death was the subject of Gray's sonnet beginning "In vain to me the smiling mornings shine."—T.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole was accompanied on the Grand Tour by Gray. They had been intimate at Eton and Cambridge. In 1741 they quarreled at Reggio, but a few years later were reconciled. Walpole ever championed Gray, the poet, and was directly responsible for the publication of much of his work.

ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights; and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Molière's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the *Avare* tonight: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the Place de Louis le Grand<sup>8</sup> (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden Square) to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the Duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Célestins, where is his family-vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as we went to see the Church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any, except St. Dennis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Célestins' church is a votive column to Francis II, which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalized, to have had the Martyr Mary Stuart for his wife. After this long digression, I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but friars, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This

<sup>8</sup> Since 1792 known as the Place des Victoires.—T.

This godly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the Sucking Cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least a hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, etc. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are

dirty

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dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Tuileries; but we have seen almost everything else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarin at the Sorbonne and the Collège de Quatre Nations<sup>1</sup> are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play and speak the language readily. There are many English here: Lord Holderness, Conway,<sup>2</sup> and Clinton, and Lord George Bentinck; Mr. Brand, Offley, Frederic, Frampton, Bonfoy, etc. Sir John Cotton's son and a Mr. Vernon of Cambridge passed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway for two or three months. When you have nothing else to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French

never

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<sup>1</sup> Now the Palais de l'Institut.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, (1719-1793) brother of the Marquis of Hertford, and first cousin of Horace Walpole, through the marriage of his father to Charlotte Shorter, sister of Lady Walpole. He had an active military career, becoming a Field Marshal in 1793; and for over forty years he sat in Parliament. One hundred and seventy-seven letters to him from Horace Walpole have been published. Conway's political career was largely controlled by Walpole, whose affection for him was great and unbroken.

never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Tomorrow we go to the *Cid*. They have no farces, but *petites pièces* like our *Devil to Pay*.<sup>3</sup>

3. To Richard West

[Aetat 21]

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy  
Sept. 28, 1739, N. S.

Precipices, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa—the pomp of our park and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious, desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France; I am now quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour Heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should undergo many transmigrations before I come to 'yours ever.' Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss Calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all aethers; I brought it with me from your world, and

am

\* An opera by Charles Coffey, produced at Drury Lane in 1731.—T.

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am admired for it in this—'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here: as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix, in Savoy  
Sept. 30th

We are this minute come in here, and there's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. *Oui, oui, oui.* He has ordered us a radish soup for supper, and has brought a chess-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see anything like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse; expected bad roads and the finest convent in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity; they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conserves, cheese, butter, grapes, and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others we found two mottoes of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum et tenacem*, altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusiana*. The second was of one D——, *Coelum ipsum petimus*



Madrigal, imitated from S.<sup>h</sup>. Gelais.

Phyllis' since I saw your face,  
Others I have seen, and own  
None have that charming grace  
which is in you alone.



R. West

MADRIGAL BY RICHARD WEST

*petimus stultitia; et hic ventri indicō bellum.* The Goth!—But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines, or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hastening into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good night!<sup>1</sup>

4. *To Richard West*

[*Aetat 22*]

Turin

Nov. 11, 1739. N. S.

So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for on the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting with Gray and me in  
the

<sup>1</sup> The final postscript is omitted.

the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants! My dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low armchairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep and rough as O——'s father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers are inconceivable: they run with you down steeps and frozen precipices, where no man as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants, and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest little creature! I had left it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear

dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was so shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death.

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock by bursting it asunder with gunpowder. The Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you:

*Carolus Emanuel II. Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publica felicitate parta, singulorum commodis intentus, brevorem securioremque viam regiam, natura occlusam, Romanis intentatam, caeteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum repagulis, aequata montium iniuitate, quae cervicibus imminebant precipitia pedibus substernens, aeternis populorum commerciis patefecit. A. D. 1670.*

We passed the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortress on a rock, between two very neighbouring mountains; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin:—

*E l'un a l'altro mostra, ed in tanto obblia  
La noia, e 'l mal della passata via.*

'Tis

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen; not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within; painted, gilt, looking-glassed, very costly, but very tawdry; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—the devil of a house and the devil of actors! Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La rappresentazione dell' Anima Dannata*. A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin: he scolds, and exit: she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play we were introduced to the assembly, which they call the conversazione; there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called taroc, with cards so high,<sup>1</sup> to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here; Lord Lincoln, with Spence,<sup>2</sup> your professor of Poetry; a Mr. B—, and a Mr. C—, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec*. We all laughed so at the novelty of the thing that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you.

What

<sup>1</sup> Miss Berry remarks in a note that in the MS this word is written in a larger hand than the rest of the letter.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Joseph Spence (d. 1768). In 1758 his *Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill* was published at Strawberry Hill. He is best known by his *Anecdotes*, published after his death.—T.

What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you?

Farewell! Thine,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

5. *To Richard West*

[*Aetat 22*]

Florence

Jan. 24, 1740. N. S.

Dear West,—I don't know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but *a force d'en avoir vu* I have left off screaming Lord! this, and Lord! that. To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel the less I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same everywhere that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weaknesses, the same passions, that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, cisisbeos and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great

great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and, in a year after, taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife, or the cicisbeo of any person, *et voila qui est fini.* Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you remember my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Everybody does everything, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S—'s was not still better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I distil all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell

fell to dancing a saraband. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had anything as good as your old song, I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that reigns here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

6. *To Richard West*

[Aetat 22]

Florence

February 27, 1740. N. S.

Well West, I have found a little unmasked moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then?—No, then I was masqued too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in masque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods! how have I danced!* The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzybella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro*. There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine

fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper; they sup first, to eat *gras*, and not encroach upon Ash-Wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk gross bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day, by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival ever since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if She could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.

After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's,<sup>1</sup>

word

<sup>1</sup> Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740-1786; cr. a Baronet, 1755; K.B., 1768; d. unmarried at Florence, aged eighty-five, Nov. 1786, having never revisited England since taking up his appointment, although in 1775 on the death of his brother Edward Louisa Mann he succeeded to the estate of Linton, in Kent. The Walpole and Mann families were connected, and this probably accounts, in the first instance, for Horace Walpole's residence in Florence with Mann, whose inmate he was at different times during his stay in Italy in 1739 and 1741. Walpole and Mann became intimate friends, and when the former returned to England they began a correspondence which continued uninterruptedly for forty-five years (during which period they never met) until Mann's death.—T.





MR. GRAY.  
*from a Drawing by W. Mason?*

W. Henshaw del.

LITTLE-KNOWN PRINT OF GRAY, FROM A DRAWING BY MASON, ENGRAVED BY  
HENSHAW

word was brought by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth, entered, and informed the British minister, that one Martin, an English painter, had left a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his etc. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to inquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel: the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo: 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say, 'Your servant, Mr. Martin,' and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures

creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London, that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it.

I have this instant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of those parallel passages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis excessively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too. . . . It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

7. To Horace Mann<sup>1</sup>

[Aetat 23]

Calais, and Friday, and here I have  
been these two day, 1741

Is the wind laid? Shall I never get aboard? I came here on Wednesday night, but found a tempest that has never ceased

<sup>1</sup> The *Advertisement* prefixed by Horace Walpole to his letters to Sir Horace Mann runs thus:—

The following collection of letters, written very carelessly by a young man, had been preserved by the person to whom they were addressed. The Author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them, on account of some anecdotes interspersed. On the perusal, among many trifling relations and stories, which were only of consequence or amusing to the two persons concerned in the correspondence, he found some facts, characters, and news, which though below the dignity of History, might prove entertaining to many other people: and knowing how much pleasure, not only himself, but many other persons have often found in a series of private and familiar Letters, he thought it worth his while to preserve these, as they contain something of the customs, fashions, politics, diversions, and private history of several years; which, if worthy of any existence, can be properly transmitted to posterity only in this manner.

"The reader will find a few pieces of intelligence which did not prove true; but which

ceased since. At Boulogne I left Lord Shrewsbury and his mother, and brothers and sisters, waiting too: Bulstrode passes his winter at the court of Boulogne, and then is to travel with two young Shrewburys. I was overtaken by Amorevoli and Monticelli,<sup>2</sup> who are here with me and the Viscontina,<sup>2</sup> and Barberina,<sup>2</sup> and Abbate Vanneschi<sup>3</sup>—what a coxcomb! I would have talked to him about the Opera, but he preferred politics. I have wearied Amorevoli with questions about you. If he was not just come from you, and could talk to me about you, I should hate him; for, to flatter me, he told me that I talked Italian better than you. He did not know how little I think it a compliment to have anything preferred to you—besides, you know the consistence of my Italian! They are all frightened out of their senses about going on the sea, and are not a little afraid of the English. They went aboard the *William and Mary* yacht yesterday, which waits here for Lady Cardigan from Spa. The captain clapped the door, and swore in broad English that the Viscontina should not stir till she gave

are retained here as the Author heard and related them, lest correction should spoil the simple air of the narrative. When the Letters were written, they were never intended for public inspection; and now they are far from being thought correct, or more authentic than the general turn of epistolary correspondence admits. The Author would sooner have burnt them, than have taken the trouble to correct such errant trifles which are here presented to the reader, with scarce any variation or omissions, but what private friendships and private history, or the great haste with which the letters were written, made indispensably necessary, as will plainly appear, not only by the unavoidable chasms, where the originals were worn out or torn away, but by many idle relations and injudicious remarks and prejudices of a young man; for which the only excuse the Author can pretend to make, is, that as some future reader may possibly be as young as he was when he first wrote, he hopes they may be amused with what graver people (if into such hands they should fall) will very justly despise. Whoever has patience to peruse the series, will find, perhaps, that as the Author grew older some of his faults grew less striking.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Singers and dancers.

<sup>3</sup> An Italian abbé who directed and wrote the operas under the protection of Lord Middlesex.—WALPOLE.

gave him a song, he did not care whether it was a catch or a moving ballad; but she would not submit. I wonder he did! When she came home and told me, I begged her not to judge of all the English from this specimen; but, by the way, she will find many sea-captains that grow on dry land.

Sittinburn

Sept. 13. O. S.

Saturday morning, or yesterday, we did set out, and after a good passage of four hours and a half, landed at Dover. I begin to count my comforts, for I find their contraries thicken on my apprehension. I have, at least, done for awhile with post chaises. My trunks were a little opened at Calais, and they would have stopped my medals, but with much ado and much three louis's they let them pass. At Dover I found the benefit of the *motions*<sup>1</sup> having miscarried last year, for they respected Sir Robert's son even in the person of his trunks. I came over in a yacht with East India captains' widows, a Catholic girl coming from a convent to be married, with an Irish priest to guard her, who says he studied *medicines* for two years, and after that *he studied learning* for two years more. I have not brought over a word of French or Italian for common use; I have so taken pains to avoid affectation in this point, that I have failed only now and then in a *chi è là?* to the servants, who I can scarce persuade myself yet are English

<sup>1</sup> The motion in both Houses of Parliament, 1740, for removing Sir Robert Walpole from the King's councils.—WALPOLE.

English. The country-town (and you will believe me, who, you know, am not prejudiced) delights me: the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed everybody amaze me. Canterbury, which on my setting out I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, etc. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England the distinction of *middling people*; I perceive now, that there is peculiar to us *middling houses*: how snug they are! I write to-night because I have time; to-morrow I get to London just as the post goes. Sir R. is at Houghton. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Good night till another post. You are quite well, I trust, but tell me so always. My loves to the Chutes<sup>3</sup> and all the etcs.

Oh! a story of Mr. Pope and the Prince<sup>4</sup> :— ‘Mr. Pope, you don’t love princes.’ ‘Sir, I beg your pardon.’ ‘Well, you don’t love kings then!’ ‘Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown.’ Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Adieu! my dearest child!

Yours, ten thousand times over.

P. S. Patapan<sup>5</sup> does not seem to regret his own country.

My

<sup>1</sup> Passage omitted.—T.

<sup>2</sup> John Chute and Francis Whithed Esqrs., two great friends of Mr. W.’s, whom he had left at Florence, where he had been himself thirteen months in the house of Mr. Mann, his relation and particular friend.—WALPOLE. . . . John Chute (1701-1776) became acquainted with Walpole at Florence in 1740, and they continued, until Chute’s death, on terms of the most intimate friendship. He was Walpole’s occasional correspondent, and was a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill, where his antiquarian tastes made him particularly welcome.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Frederick, Prince of Wales.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. W.’s dog.—WALPOLE.

## 8. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway

[Aetat 24]

London

October 31, 1741

My dearest Harry,—You have made me infinitely happy, but infinitely impatient for Monday se'nnight. I have wished for you more particularly this week, and wanted you all at Sir Thomas Robinson's and the birthday. You have already had accounts, I suppose, of the former from Lady Caroline<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Selwyn,<sup>2</sup> but I will say my bit about it too; I told Lady Caroline I would; besides, I made a list of most of the people, and will tell you some of the company, which was all extremely good; there were none but people of the first fashion, except Mr. Kent,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Cibber,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Swiny, and the Parsons family, and you know all these have an alloy. Kent came as governess to Lady Charlotte Boyle, Cibber and Swiny have long had their freedom given them of this end of the town, and the Parsons's took out theirs at Paris. There were an hundred and ninety-seven people, yet no confusion; he had taken off all the doors of his house, and, in short, distributed everybody quite to their well-being. The dancers were the

two

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Fitzroy (d. 1784), eldest daughter of second Duke of Grafton; m. (1746) William Stanhope, Viscount Petersham, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrington in 1756.—T.

<sup>2</sup> George Augustus Selwyn (1719-1791), the wit. He sat for many years in Parliament and held various sinecures. Walpole and he met at Eton, and although Selwyn was only an occasional correspondent, they maintained an unbroken intimacy throughout their lives.

<sup>3</sup> William Kent, the architect.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Colley Cibber (1671-1757), actor and dramatist.—T.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox (d. 1774), eldest daughter of second Duke of Richmond; cr. Baroness Holland, of Holland, Lincolnshire, 1762; m. (1744) Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), by whom she was the mother of the second Lord Holland and of Charles James Fox.

two Lady Lenox's<sup>5</sup> (Lady Emily queen of the ball, and appeared in great majesty from behind a vast bouquet), Lady Lucy Manners, Lady Ancram, Lady Lucy Clinton, Ladies Harriot and Anne Wentworth, Sophia and Charlotte Fermor,<sup>6</sup> and Camilla Bennet; Miss Pelham<sup>7</sup> (Lord! how ugly she is!); Misses Walpole,<sup>8</sup> Leneve, Churchill, Parsons, Maccartny, Pultney, Mary Townshend, Newton, and Brown. The men, Lord John Sackville, Lord Ancram, Holderness, Ashburnham, Howard, Hartington and Castlehaven; Mr. Colebrook, Poulett, Churchill,<sup>9</sup> two Townshends, Parsons, Vernon, Carteret, Colonel Maguire, and a Sir William Boothby. For the rest of the company you shall see the list when you come to town. Lord and Lady Euston and Lady Caroline did not dance. A supper for the lady dancers was served at twelve, their partners and waiting tables with other supper stood behind. Oh! I danced country dances, I had forgot myself. The ball ended at four.

Now for the birthday. There were loads of men, not many ladies, nor much finery. Lord Fitzwilliams and myself were the only two very fine; I was in a great taking about my clothes,

they

<sup>6</sup> Lady Sophia Fermor, eldest daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1744) as his second wife, the well-known Minister, Lord Carteret (afterwards Earl Granville); d. 1745.—T.

Lady Charlotte Fermor (d. 1813), second daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1746) as his second wife, Hon. William Finch. She was governess to the children of George III.—T.

Rumor had it that Walpole was in love with one or both of the sisters. *A Chronicle of the Fermors: Horace Walpole in Love*, by M. F. Mahony, was published (two volumes) in London, 1873.

<sup>7</sup> Catherine, eldest daughter of the Prime Minister—T.

<sup>8</sup> One of these was Mary, natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Maria Skerrett (whom he married in 1738). On her father's promotion to the peerage, George II granted her the rank of an earl's daughter. She married (1746) Charles, natural son of General Charles Churchill, by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, by whom he had a large family.—T.

\* See preceding note.

they came from Paris, and did not arrive till nine o'clock of the birthday morning. I was obliged to send one of the King's messengers for them and Lord Holderness's suit to Dover. There were nineteen suits came with them. Do you know I was in such a fright lest they should get into the news, and took up the *Craftsman*<sup>1</sup> with fear and trembling. There was the greatest crowd at the ball I ever saw. Lady Euston danced country dances with the Duke.<sup>2</sup> My aunt Horace had adapted her gown to her complexion, and chose a silk all broke out in pink blotches. By the way, was ever anything so terrible as Lord Holderness's face? Poor Lady Ancram's will be as bad in a twelvemonth. She, the Duke of Kingston, Lord Middlesex, and Lady Albermarle, are dreadfully altered. You can't think what an alteration towards old I find among my acquaintance.

Harry, you must come and be in love with Lady Sophia Fermor; all the world is or should be. But I had cried her up so much before she appeared that she does not answer everybody's expectation. No more will the Opera to-night, for Amorevoli is ill and does not sing; his part is to be read. They had certainly much better have staid till Tuesday; but for fear of disappointing people, I fear they will disappoint them. I am not to be there, for Dodd has got a fever with the heat of the ball last night, so I shall not leave him. Indeed, my dear Harry, I will not scold you about the Opera, but I should have been glad, I own, that you were not in the direction

<sup>1</sup> The organ of the Opposition.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Cumberland.—T.

direction. I doubt much of the success; and even should it succeed, gentlemen—and they very young gentlemen—are mighty apt not to understand economy and management. I do get out of it, if possible.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you now, but I shall have a quantity to say to you. My loves to all your family.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

9. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[Aetat 24]  
London

1741

My dearest Harry,—Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for that excessive good nature you showed in writing to poor Gray.<sup>1</sup> I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same tender friendly temper you always had. I wanted much to see if you were still the same—but you are.

Don't think of coming before your brother; he is too good to be left for any one living: besides, if it is possible, I will see you in the country. Don't reproach me, and think nothing could draw me into the country: impatience to see a few friends has drawn me out of Italy; and Italy, Harry, is pleasanter than London. As I do not love living *en famille* so much as you (but then indeed my family is not like yours) I am hurried about

<sup>1</sup> Gray's father died on Nov. 6, 1741.—T.

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about getting myself a house; for I have so long lived single, that I do not much take to being confined with my own family.

You won't find me much altered, I believe; at least outwardly. I am not grown a bit shorter, or a bit fatter, but am just the same long lean creature as usual. Then I talk no French, but to my footman; nor Italian, but to myself. What inward alterations may have happened to me, you will discover best; for you know 'tis said, one never knows that one's self. I will answer, that that part of it that belongs to you, has not suffered the least change—I took care of that.

For virtù, I have a little to entertain you: it is my sole pleasure—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love.

My dear Harry, will you take care and make my compliments to that charming Lady Conway, who I hear is so charming, and to Miss Jenny, who I know is so? As for Miss Anne, and her love *as far as it is decent*: tell her, decency is out of the question between us, that I love her without any restriction. I settled it yesterday with Miss Conway, that you three are brothers and sister to me, and that if you had been so, I could not love you better. I have so many cousins, and uncles and aunts, and bloods that grow in Norfolk, that if I had portioned out my affections to them, as they say I should, what a modicum would have fallen to each!—So, to avoid fractions, I love my family in you three, their representatives. Adieu, my dear Harry! Direct to me at Downing Street. Good-bye!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.



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## W A L P O L I A N A.

**M**r. Walpole came into the House of Commons, very young, in the last Parliament of King William, in 1701. He voted then by an intimacy from the King, for Mr. Harley to be Speaker, against Sir Thomas Littleton. The King was not quite decided between Whigs and Tories.—Mr. Harley not acting, afterwards, to Mr. Walpole's mind, he declared that he would never vote against his party again. *From Mr. H. R.*

When he was in the Admiralty, under Prince George of Denmark, the discontented Whigs made a strong attack in both Houses against that Board.—Mr. Walpole thought it his duty to defend them, and spoke well in their behalf: Being asked by one of his friends (who voted differently from him,) why he did so? he answered, That he would never be mean enough to sit at a Board, when he could not say a word in their defence. *Ditto*

He was made Secretary at War, on Mr. St. John's resignation, *Ditto* 1708. when there was a parliamentary enquiry into the number of forces in Spain. Being asked by Sir Thomas Hanmer, whether now, they should not have a better army in that country? He replied; "On paper, Sir, you may be sure."

Mr. M—~~ann~~ has told me from his father, that the sum received by Mr. Walpole out of the forage contract, was intended solely for Mr. M——'s wife, who had advanced money to Sir Robert during his necessities. Though the practice is not defensible; the contract was concluded on cheap terms for the public, and settled by the general officers.—When Sir Robert became First Minister, that family was well provided for.

On the Queen's death, Mr. Walpole being asked, what place 1714. he would have? said, He was very leau, and only desired *one* which would enable him to get some flesh to his bones. He was made, at first, Paymaster; and soon after First Commissioner of the Treasury.

When

10. *To Horace Mann*

[Aetat 24]

Chelsea

July 29, 1742

I am quite out of humour; the whole town is melted away; you never saw such a desert. You know what Florence is in the vintage-season, at least I remember what it was: London is just as empty, nothing but half a dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. I am going too! this day se'nnight we set out for Houghton, for three months; but I scarce think that I shall allow thirty days a-piece to them. Next post I shall not be able to write to you; and when I am there, shall scarce find materials to furnish a letter above every other post. I beg, however, that you will write constantly to me; it will be my only entertainment, for I neither hunt, brew, drink, nor reap. When I return in the winter, I will make amends for this barren season of our correspondence.

I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the first time: my uncle's prudence, or fear, would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us: we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight; but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence—I think he grows popular already! The other day he got it asked, whether he should be received if he went to Carlton House?—no, truly! —but yesterday morning Lord Baltimore came to soften it

a little; that his Royal Highness did not refuse to see him, but that now the Court was out of town, and he had no Drawing-room, he did not see anybody.

They have given Mrs. Pulteney an admirable name, and one that is likely to stick by her—instead of Lady Bath, they call her the wife of Bath. Don't you figure her squabbling at the gate with St. Peter for a halfpenny?

Cibber has published a little pamphlet<sup>1</sup> against Pope, which has a great deal of spirit, and, from some circumstances, will notably vex him. I will send it to you by the first opportunity, with a new pamphlet, said to be Dodington's, called *A Comparison of the Old and New Ministry*: it is much liked. I have not forgot your magazines, but will send them and these pamphlets together. Adieu! I am at the end of my tell. P. S. Lord Edgcumbe is just made Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, at which the Lord of Bath looks sour. He said, yesterday, that the King would give orders for several other considerable alterations; but he gave no orders, except for this, which was not asked by that earl.

11. To John Chute

[Actat 25]

Houghton

August 20, 1743

Indeed, my dear sir, you certainly did not use to be stupid, and till you give me more substantial proof that you are so,

I

<sup>1</sup> A letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. In consequence of this letter Pope substituted Cibber for Theobald as hero of the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, published in October, 1742.—T.

I shall not believe it. As for your temperate diet and milk bringing about such a metamorphosis, I hold it impossible. I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale, and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino. I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder Alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions. I have an Aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories, that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with 'who's' and 'why's,' and 'when's,' and 'where's,' till at last in my very sleep I cried out, 'For God in heaven's sake, Madam, ask me no more questions!'

Oh! my dear Sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does

does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people,' and 'doing the honours': that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or, 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh! 'tis dreadful!

I'll tell you what is delightful—the Dominichin! My dear Sir, if ever there was a Dominichin, if there was ever an original picture, this is one. I am quite happy; for my father is as much transported with it as I am. It is hung in the gallery, where are all his most capital pictures, and he himself thinks it beats all but the two Guidos. That of the Doctors and the Octagon—I don't know if you ever saw them? What a chain of thought this leads me into! but why should I not indulge it? I will flatter myself with your, some time or other, passing a few days here with me. Why must I never expect to see anything but Beefs in a gallery which would not yield

yield even to the Colonna! If I do not most unlimitedly wish to see you and Mr. Whithed in it this very moment, it is only because I would not take you from our dear *Miny*. Adieu! you charming people all. Is not Madam Bosville a Beef?

Yours most sincerely.

12. *To Horace Mann*

[Aetat 25]

Newmarket

Oct. 3, 1743

I am writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, saltcellars, and boxes to hold the knives; but the *summum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

'I bless'd my stars, and call'd it luxury!'

Who was the Neapolitan ambassadress that could not live at Paris, because there was no maccaroni? Now am I relapsed into all the dissatisfied repinement of a true English grumbling voluptuary. I could find in my heart to write a *Craftsman* against the Government, because I am not quite so much at my ease as on my own sofa. I could persuade myself that it is

my

my Lord Carteret's fault that I am only sitting in a common arm-chair, when I would be lolling in a *péché-mortel*. How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, etc. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well, it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but *recipe ccclxv drachm. Londin.* Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you, you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, *John* always goes two hours in the dark in the morning, to avoid being one hour in the dark in  
the





LADY MARY CHURCHILL BY ECKARDT

the evening. I was pressed to set out to-day before seven; I did before nine; and here am I arrived at a quarter past five, for the rest of the night.

I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society—I had almost said, not a virtue. I will only instance in modesty, which all *old Englishmen* are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex. Lady Mary has a remarkable taste and knowledge of music, and can sing; I don't say, like your sister, but I am sure she would be ready to die if obliged to sing before three people, or before one with whom she is not intimate. The other day there came to see her a Norfolk heiress; the young gentlewoman had not been three hours in the house, and that for the first time of her life, before she notified her talent for singing, and invited herself upstairs, to Lady Mary's harpsichord; where, with a voice like thunder, and with as little harmony, she sang to nine or ten people for an hour. 'Was ever nymph like Rossymonde?'—no, *d'honneur*. We told her she had a very strong voice. 'Lord, Sir! my master says it is nothing to what it was.' My dear child, she brags abominably; if it had been a thousandth degree louder, you must have heard it to Florence.

I did not write to you last post, being overwhelmed with this sort of people: I will be more punctual in London. Patapan is in my lap; I had him wormed lately, which he took heinously; I made it up with him by tying a collar of rainbow riband about his neck, for a token that he is never to be wormed any more

more; which he received as implicitly as good folks do the assurances of their never being drowned in a collective body, though all their doctors do not scruple to let them know they are to be burnt.

I had your long letter of two sheets of Sept. 17th, and wonder at your perseverance in telling me so much as you always do, when I, dull creature, find so little for you. I can only tell you that the more you write, the happier you make me; and I assure you, the more details the better: I so often lay schemes for returning to you, that I am persuaded I shall, and would keep up my stock of Florentine ideas.

I honour Matthews's punctilious observance of his *Holiness's* dignity. How incomprehensible Englishmen are! I should have sworn that he would have piqued himself on calling the Pope the w—— of Babylon, and have begun his remonstrance with 'you old damned bitch'. What extremes of absurdities! to flounder from Pope Joan to his Holiness! I like your reflection, 'that everybody can bully the Pope.' There was a humourist called Sir James of the Peak,<sup>1</sup> who had been beat by a fellow, who afterwards underwent the same operation from a third hand. 'Zounds,' said Sir James, 'that I did not know this fellow would take a beating!' Nay, my dear child, I don't know that Matthews would!

You know I always thought the *Tesi comique, pendant que ça devroit être tragique*. I am happy that my sovereign Lady expressed my opinion so well—by the way, is De Sade still with

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<sup>1</sup> A noted gamester, frequently mentioned in correspondence of the early part of the eighteenth century.—T.

with you? Is he still in pawn by the proxy of his clothes? Has the Princess as constant retirements to her bedchamber with the *colique*—and Antenori! Oh! I was struck the other day with a resemblance of mine hostess at Brandon to old Sarazin. You must know, the ladies of Norfolk universally wear periwigs, and affirm that it is the fashion at London. ‘Lord, Mrs. White, have you been ill, that you have shaved your head?’ Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair: to-day, she had no hair at all before, and at a distance above her ears, I descried a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet—so like old Sarazin at two in the morning, when she has been losing at pharaoh, and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white ivy of her own locks.<sup>2</sup>

13. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[*Aetat 26*]

Arlington Street

July 20, 1744

My Dearest Harry,—I feel that I have so much to say to you, that I foresee there will be but little method in my letter; but if, upon the whole, you see my meaning, and the depth of my friendship for you, I am content.

It was most agreeable to me to receive a letter of confidence from you, at the time I expected a very different one from you; though, by the date of your last, I perceive you had not  
then

\* The rest of this letter is omitted.

then received some letters, which, though I did not see, I must call simple, as they could only tend to make you uneasy for some months. I should not have thought of communicating a quarrel to you at this distance, and I don't conceive the sort of friendship of those that thought it necessary. When I heard it had been wrote to you, I thought it right to myself to give you my account of it, but, by your brother's desire, suppressed my letter, and left it to be explained by him, who wrote to you so sensibly on it, that I shall say no more but that I think myself so ill-used that it will prevent my giving you thoroughly the advice you ask of me; for how can I be sure that my resentment might not make me see in a stronger light the reasons for your breaking off an affair which you know before I never approved?<sup>1</sup>

You know my temper is so open to anybody I love that I must be happy at seeing you lay aside a reserve with me, which is the only point that ever made me dissatisfied with you. That silence of yours has, perhaps, been one of the chief reasons that has always prevented my saying much to you on a topic which I saw was so near your heart. Indeed, its being so near was another reason; for how could I expect you would take my advice, even if you bore it? But, my dearest Harry, how can I advise you now? Is it not gone too far for me to expect you should keep any resolution about it, especially in absence,  
which

<sup>1</sup> This was an early attachment of Mr. Conway's. By his having complied with the wishes and advice of his friend on this subject, and got the better of his passion, he probably felt that he, in some measure, owed to Mr. Walpole the subsequent happiness of his life, in his marriage to another person.—BERRY. Conway was attached to Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton. She married Viscount Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington.

which must be destroyed the moment you meet again? And if ever you should marry and be happy, won't you reproach me with having tried to hinder it? I think you as just and honest as I think any man living; but any man living in that circumstance would think I had been prompted by private reasons. I see as strongly as you can all the arguments for your breaking off; but, indeed, the alteration of your fortune adds very little strength to what they had before. You never had fortune enough to make such a step at all prudent: she loved you enough to be content with that; I can't believe this change will alter her sentiments, for I must do her the justice to say that it is plain she preferred you with nothing to all the world. I could talk upon this head, but I will only leave you to consider, without advising you on either side, these two things—whether you think it honester to break off with her after such engagements as yours (how strong I don't know) after her refusing very good matches for you, and show her that she must think of making her fortune; or whether you will wait with her till some amendment in your fortune can put it in your power to marry her.

My dearest Harry,—You must see why I don't care to say more on this head. My wishing it could be right for you to break off with her (for, without it is right, I would not have you on any account take such a step) makes it impossible for me to advise it; and, therefore, I am sure you will forgive my declining an act of friendship which your having put in my power gives me the greatest satisfaction. But it does put something else in my power, which I am sure nothing can make me decline

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decline, and for which I have long wanted an opportunity. Nothing could prevent my being unhappy at the smallness of your fortune, but its throwing it into my way to offer you to share mine. As mine is so precarious, by depending on so bad a constitution, I can only offer you the immediate use of it. I do that most sincerely. My places still (though my Lord Walpole has cut off three hundred pounds a year to save himself the trouble of signing his name ten times for once) bring me in near two thousand pounds a year. I have no debts, no connections; indeed no way to dispose of it particularly. By living with my father, I have little real use for a quarter of it. I have always flung it away all in the most idle manner; but, my dear Harry, idle as I am, and thoughtless, I have sense enough to have a real pleasure in denying myself baubles, and in saving a good income to make a man happy, for whom I have a just esteem and most sincere friendship. I know the difficulties any gentleman and man of spirit must struggle with, even in having such an offer made him, much more in accepting it. I hope you will allow there are some in making it. But hear me: if there is any such thing as friendship in the world, these are the opportunities of exerting it, and it can't be exerted without it is accepted. I must talk of myself to prove to you that it will be right for you to accept it. I am sensible of having more follies and weaknesses, and fewer real good qualities, than most men. I sometimes reflect on this, though I own too seldom. I always want to begin acting like a man, and a sensible one, which I think I might be if I would. Can I begin better than by taking care of my fortune

for

for one I love? You have seen (I have seen you have) that I am fickle, and foolishly fond of twenty new people; but I don't really love them—I have always loved you constantly: I am willing to convince you and the world, what I have always told you, that I loved you better than anybody. If I ever felt much for anything (which I know may be questioned) it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my nearest relation by her,<sup>1</sup> and I think I can never do enough to show my gratitude and affection to her. For these reasons, don't deny me what I have set my heart on—the making your fortune easy to you. . . .

(The rest of this letter is wanting.)

14. *To Henry Fox*

[*Aetat 28*]

Mistley

July 24, 1746

Dear Sir,—You frighten me out of my wits, which is indeed a fair step towards making me in earnest a poet, a title I should dread more than that of a Patriot, and which I should certainly get into no wills by.<sup>2</sup> I will be so honest as to own that the obliging things you say to me please me vastly. I find I have enough of the author in me to be extremely sensible to flattery, and were I far enough gone to publish a miscellany, there would certainly be one copy to *my honoured friend Henry Fox on his commending my verses.* But seriously, my dear Sir,  
you

<sup>1</sup> Lady Walpole and Lady Conway were sisters.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The old Duchess of Marlborough left 10,000*l.* to William Pitt (a prominent member of the 'Patriot' opposition) in recognition of his 'noble defence of the laws of England.'—T.

you alarm me, with talking of making those I sent you public. I never thought poetry excusable but in the manner I sent you mine, just to divert anybody one loves for half an hour—and I know I must love anybody, to put myself so much in their power for their diversion. But to make anything one writes, especially poetry, public, is giving everybody leave under one's own hand to call one fool. You think me modest, but all my modesty is pride; while I am unknown, I am as great as my own imagination pleases to make me; the instant I get into that dreadful Court of Requests you talk of, I am as silly a fellow as Thomson or Glover—you even reduce me to plead that foolish excuse against being published, which authors make to excuse themselves when they have published—that their compositions were made in a hurry or extempore. Rigby will assure you that what I sent you was literally wrote in less than three hours; and, my dear Harry, I am not vain enough to think that I can write in three hours what would deserve to live three days. I will give you two more very material reasons for your suppressing my verses, and have done: one is, I don't care to make all the women in England my enemies, but sixteen, as their resentments would probably hurt me more than the gratitude of my goddesses would do me good, with all their charms; and the other reason is, that the conclusion of the poem is more particular than I would choose publicly to subscribe to.

I am content with your approbation and Lady Caroline's: pray tell her the reason I said so little of Lady Emily in detail was what the critics, a set of gentlemen she is happily not acquainted

acquainted with, say in excuse for the heroes of the epic poems, who are very little talked of in comparison with their rivals, but who are supposed to be celebrated enough, by surpassing those who are more amply commended; or you may tell her what will be more familiar to her than Homer and Virgil, that if I had said Mrs. Bethel was the ugliest woman in the world, I should not have specified her nose, her mouth, or her complexion. For the last line on Lady Emily, which you don't understand, it only means that it is a pity she is not as like Venus in being a mother, as she is in the rest of her merits.

I beg your pardon for troubling you with a second letter so long, when I shall be in town the day after it, but I was so anxious about your talking of making my verses public, that I could not refrain a moment from begging you not. Rigby has left his kindest love for you: he is gone to a cricket-match, from which your letter has saved me. You have commended me so much, he begins to look on me in a higher light, and even deigns to treat my leisure as sacred.

I am, my dear Sir, and always shall be, if you will suppress my verses

Your most obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE

*15. To Horace Mann*

[*Aetat 28*]

Windsor

Aug. 21, 1746

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer dowager; only that

that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach,<sup>1</sup> and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets; but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvelous. Then I promise you, I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold: and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, (his rebellious regimentals), a flannel waist coat, and his shroud beneath; their heorses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold: the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino: all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked

<sup>1</sup> The arms of maiden ladies and widows are borne on a lozenge.—T.

asked him, ‘My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?’ He replied, ‘My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order.’ Balmerino answered, ‘It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.’—Take notice, that the Duke’s charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man’s fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock’s turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the Rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in

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in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud  
for





LADY POMFRET'S PEDIGREE

for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, ‘Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!’

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says everybody is so bloody-minded that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. (Lady Cromartie’s father) coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P. S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich.

*16. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[*Aetat 29*]

Twickenham

June 8, 1747

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop,<sup>1</sup> and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,  
And little finches wave their wings in gold.<sup>2</sup>

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under the window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they

<sup>1</sup> A famous toy-shop.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> A parody of a couplet in Pope's *Epistle to Addison*.

they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *precedess'd* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign,<sup>8</sup> because, as you say, you do nothing at all; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite so well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Conway was in Flanders with William, Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

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is all we desire, shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain; as we are doing by vote to Captain Cornewall, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago. In the present dearth of glory, he is canonized; though, poor man! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.

I could tell you much election news, none else; though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and Patriots, outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism:—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence! Adieu, dear Harry!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Dear

17. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*[*Aetate 30*]

Strawberry Hill

Aug. 29, 1748

Dear Harry,—Whatever you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's General my Lady Castlecomer, and General my lady Dowager Ferrers! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood? Your old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same. In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you so seldom; not, I give you my word, from the least negligence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is  
extremely

extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience, I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers—one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret, the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions

for

for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verse with Perrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts': or rather like a Marquis of Worcester, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls *A Century of Inventions*, where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's<sup>1</sup> leave, to your ninth son, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkeley.

Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

I

<sup>1</sup> Conway's wife. She was the only daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyll, and married as her first husband the third Earl of Ailesbury. He died in 1746, and she married Conway the following year. She died in 1803.

## 18. To Horace Mann

[*Ageat 31*]

Strawberry Hill

May 3, 1749

I am come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the Peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called 'a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner' at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw; nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches

mouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, etc., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing and then,

what

what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the Library, with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the Library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets apiece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the Peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier an old French author, who says, 'that in the time of Francis I the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois", from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.' On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called *Peace in Europe*, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but  
not

not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawar, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Strafford, and Mrs. Pitt, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh<sup>1</sup> was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont.<sup>2</sup>

19. To Horace Mann

[Aetat 32]  
Arlington Street  
April 2, 1750

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Governor of Chelsea Hospital; m. 1. (privately, in 1744) the Hon. Augustus John Hervey (afterwards third Earl of Bristol); 2. (1769, during the lifetime of her first husband) Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston. She was tried for bigamy in 1776, and found guilty. After her trial she left England. She died abroad in 1788.—T.

\* The remainder of this letter is omitted.

up upon the foot of *Judgements*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions. You never read so impudent, so absurd a piece! This earthquake, which has done no hurt, in a country where no earthquake ever did any, is sent, according to the Bishop, to punish bawdy prints, bawdy books (in one of which Mrs. Pilkington drew his Lordship's picture) gaming, drinking—(no, I think, drinking and avarice, those orthodox vices, are omitted) and all other sins, natural or not, which he makes a principal ingredient in the composition of an earthquake, because not having been able to answer a late piece, which Middleton<sup>1</sup> has writ against him, he has turned the Doctor over to God for punishment, even in this world. Here is an epigram, which this subject put into my head:

When Whitfield<sup>2</sup> preaches, and when Whiston<sup>2</sup> writes,  
All cry that madness dictates either's flights.

When

<sup>1</sup> Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), divine and controversialist, author of the *Life of Cicero*. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and an occasional correspondent of Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated evangelists.

When Sherlock writes, or canting Secker preaches,  
All think good sense inspires what either teaches.  
Why, when all four for the same gospel fight,  
Should two be crazy, two be in the right?  
Plain is the reason—every son of Eve  
Thinks the two madmen, what they teach, believe.

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you: but, it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron, at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon

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upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law, the Chancellor, is made a privy councillor, with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl, and Sir John Rawdon (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked downstairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded) and Sir John Vesey are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a counterband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered, ‘Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet.’ In the bedchamber I found two beds, which is too cruel to poor Naylor, to tell the whole town that he is the only man in it who does not lie with his wife!

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife. When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought

thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

*Wednesday*

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day:

'On Monday next will be published (price 6d.) a true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake.'

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish. The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London, whom Mr. Chute and I have agreed not to believe till he has been three days in a whale's belly) is a trooper

trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, 'Oh, dear! my Lord, he is not mad now; if your *Lordship* would but get any sensible man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind.'<sup>1</sup>

20. To George Montagu

[Aetat 32]

Arlington Street

June 23, 1750

As I am not Vanneck'd,<sup>1</sup> I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you that I never knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry Hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I really were married. I have had another of your friends with me there some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley;<sup>2</sup> he has

more

<sup>1</sup> Remainder of letter omitted.

<sup>1</sup> The announcement of the engagement of a cousin of Walpole's to a Miss Van Neck had just been announced.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Bentley (1708-1782), son of the famous scholar of the same name. Bentley's wit and artistic talents were peculiarly acceptable to Horace Walpole. . . . He made numerous Gothic designs for Strawberry Hill and illustrated the edition of Gray's *Poems* published by Walpole in 1753. . . . In 1761 their friendly relations came to an end. Various reasons have been assigned for the quarrel—Bentley's impatience of patronage (according to his nephew Richard Cumberland, the playwright)—an attempt on Bentley's part to borrow money from Walpole—or (according to the latter's own account to Cole) Bentley's being 'forward to introduce his wife at his (Walpole's) house when people of the first fashion were there.' Before their parting Walpole had procured for Bentley a small place, probably in the Custom House, which he afterwards resigned. . . . Lord Bute subsequently patronised him and gave him two sinecures. When he died Walpole invested a sum in the funds for his several children. From a letter of George Hardinge to Walpole, dated July 17, 1780, it appears that Walpole assisted Bentley long after their acquaintance ceased:—'at Sir John Griffin's the other day I met your Bentley, whom

more sense, judgement, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his wanting taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, 'Tully had his Marcus.' If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity, I would be the modest agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the Board of Trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there was John Price, *alias* Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst in Kent. When Miss Harriet is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole Wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but run brandy.

As jolly and abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house at half an hour

I was glad to see, as a very singular genius. I discovered by an accident that you are still generous to him.' . . . Cole records Bentley's opinion of Walpole as a letter writer:— 'Walpole was the best letter writer that ever took pen in hand; . . . he wrote with the greatest ease imaginable, with company in the room, and even talking to other people at the time.'—T.

hour after seven, and found her and the little Ashe,<sup>1</sup> or the pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland;<sup>2</sup> the branches of each formed a little bower over a cock and hen treading, yes, literally! We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years, but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf, Lord March,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Whithed, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly conduct of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his nose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My Lord, my Lord! why, you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my Lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody

<sup>1</sup> Miss Elizabeth Ashe, another notorious adventuress of high parentage.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Bland, seventh baronet. He ruined himself at play, and committed suicide in 1755.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards fourth Duke of Queensberry. Perhaps the most celebrated *rowd* of the eighteenth century.

Duke of Queensberry - at the  
age of 77 -



THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY



body: she said, 'Do you go with us, or are you going anywhere else?'—'I don't go with you, I am going somewhere else'; and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last embarked at Vauxhall. There, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel, for a Mrs. Loyd, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady C. and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company.' Miss Sparre who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel, a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk, from Jenny's Whim;<sup>4</sup> where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fitzroy, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his

<sup>4</sup> A tavern at Chelsea.—T.

his marriage, of which he is wondrous sick, and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his Norsa and *petite partie*, to help us mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady C. stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty,<sup>1</sup> the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction.—There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Car., 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you will eat this O'Brien strawberry'; she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey!—You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned.—After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would spoil this story that

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<sup>1</sup> 'The Queen of Apple-women.'

that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home.—I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pound of the latter and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like.*

Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's *bon-mots.*

Yours ever,

H. W.

P. S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday: he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice and swelled legs, symptoms which, the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured; I think him visibly broke and near his end. He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness; but if anybody had advised him to the contrary, at his time of life, I believe he would not have broke so fast.

Monday

## 21. To George Montagu

[Aetat 34]

The St. James's Evening Post  
Thursday, Jan. 9, 1752

Monday being Twelfth-day, his Majesty according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *Kings* or *Wise men*, the King and Royal Family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred Majesty won three guineas, and his R.H. the Duke, three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom House a large box of truffles, being a present to the Earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq., who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son of the Earl of Egremont is to be baptized, when his Majesty, and the Earl of Granville (if he is able to stand) and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the Lord Carpenter's a curious male

male chimpanzee, which has had the honour of being shown before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all express their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the Hon. and Rev. Mr. James Brudenel was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of White's, being received *ad eundem* by his Grace the Rev. father in chess the Duke of Devonshire, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the Lord Rob. Bertie and Col. Barrington were rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor Street mention a dreadful apparition, which has appeared for several nights at the house of the Countess Temple, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the Lord Downe received at the Treasury the sum of an hundred kisses from the Auditor of the Exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the Earl of Albermarle. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration

consideration of his great care and expedition, his Grace has settled four hundred pounds a year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the Lady Catherine Pelham, the Duchess of Queensberry, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the Romish chapel at Norfolk House; no persons will be admitted but such as are known well-wishers to the present happy establishment.

Mass will begin exactly when the English liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the House of Lords, *The Royal Slave, with Lethe.*

At the theatre in St. Stephen's Chapel, *The Fool in Fashion.*

The Jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Évêque in Pharaoh Street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.

Lost, an opposition.

To be let, an ambassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold, the whole nation. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Lately published, *The Analogy of Political and Private Quarrels, or the Art of healing family differences by widening them; on these words, Do evil that good may ensue.* A sermon preached before the Rt. Honble. Henry Pelham, and the rest  
of

<sup>1</sup> Passage omitted.—T.

of the society for propagating Christian charity, by Wm. Leveson, chaplain to her R.H. the Princess Amelia; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the Duke of Newcastle's true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the Turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields,<sup>2</sup> Anodyne Stars and Garters.

22. *To George Montagu*

[*Aetat 34*]

Arlington Street  
May 12, 1752

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer; nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, look you, you must provide yourself elsewhere.—The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackerel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind.—My sister is gone to Paris, I go to Strawberry Hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any. If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war, between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is) and the Speaker on the other, who carries questions by wholesale in the House of Commons against

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\* The Duke of Newcastle's town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields.—T.

against the Castle—and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not—what is more provoking for the Duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the King (not as usual, through the channel of the Lord Lieutenant) to assure him of their great loyalty, and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, Mother Midnight's Oratory—it appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad oration to ridicule, what it is too like, Orator Henley;<sup>1</sup> all the rest is perverted music. There is a man who plays so nimbly on the kettledrum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is no better than ordinary. Another plays on a violin and trumpet together. Another mimics a bag-pipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates curtsying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors

and

<sup>1</sup> An eccentric preacher who was arrested for treasonous utterances.

and singers upon earth: in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one mimic, they called odd man, and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P. S. Did you hear Capt. Hotham's *bon mot* on Sir Th. Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas*!

*23. To George Montagu*

[Aetat 34]

Strawberry Hill

June 6, 1752

I have just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. . . . I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards roar out, 'Stop thief!' and run downstairs—I ran after him—don't be frightened; I have not lost one

one enamel, nor bronze; nor have not been shot through the head again.<sup>1</sup> A gentlewoman, who lives at Govr. Pitt's, next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albermarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N.B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out, 'Watch'; two men who were sentinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen, and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!' But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise.—I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I dispatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon

<sup>1</sup> A reference to his encounter with Maclean, the highwayman in Hyde Park.

upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, ‘Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole’s compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!’ A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished, and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges.

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing—of three gold-fish out of Poyang,<sup>2</sup> for a present to Madame Clive.<sup>3</sup> They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it; but I have had

two

<sup>2</sup> The gold-fish pond at Strawberry Hill in which the cat, immortalized by Gray, was drowned.

<sup>3</sup> Kitty Clive, the actress, who lived at Twickenham.

two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's *Odes*; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold-fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton<sup>1</sup> to the great Cu of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Rices and your aunt Cosby had dined here from Hampton Court? The minionette beauty looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure.

The *Memoires*<sup>2</sup> of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes. Discontents, of the nature of those about Windsor Park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord Brook, who has taken the late Duchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an Earl) *that the Princess had already refused one to my Lord Chancellor*. By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is frequently shut up here with my Lady Montrath, who is rich and as tipsy as Cacofogo in the comedy. What a jumble of avarice and lewdness, dignity and claret!

You will be pleased with a story of Lord Bury, that is come from Scotland. He is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the Earl of Halifax (a Montagu) here referred to as the 'great Cu of Haticuleo.'

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.* Montagu and Gray appear to be the only persons who knew that Walpole was writing this and his *Memoirs of George III.*

trates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the Duke's birth-day. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his R. Highness; but did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did: they celebrated Culloden. Adieu! My compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

24. *To Richard Bentley*

[*Aetat 37*]  
Strawberry Hill  
November 3, 1754

I have finished all my parties, and am drawing towards a conclusion here: the Parliament meets in ten days: the House, I hear, will be extremely full—curiosity drawing as many to town as party used to do. The minister<sup>1</sup> in the House of Lords is a new sight in these days.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barrett's at Belhouse; I never

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle.—WALPOLE.

never saw a place for which one did not wish, so totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very true, though not up to the perfection of the Committee.<sup>2</sup> The hall is pretty: the great dining-room hung with good family pictures; among which is his ancestor, the Lord Dacre who was hanged. I remember when Barrett was first initiated in the College of Arms by the present Dean of Exeter at Cambridge, he was overjoyed at the first ancestor he put up, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Siena marble) are all of a good King James the First Gothic. I saw the heronry so fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was persuaded they were descended from Becket's assassin, and I hoped from my Lord Dacre too. He carried us to see the famous plantations and buildings of the last Lord Petre. They are the Brobdingnag of bad taste. The unfinished house is execrable, massive, and split through and through: it stands on the brow of a hill, rather to see *for* a prospect than to see one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is closed with a screen of tall trees, because he would not be at the expense of beautifying the back front of his house. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the Colonel have at last been here, and have screamed with approbation through the whole *Cugamut*.<sup>3</sup> Indeed, the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wished for  
you

<sup>2</sup> The Committee of Taste, formed by Walpole to remodel Strawberry Hill.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. George Montagu, who used many odd expressions, called his own family, the Montagu's, the *Cw's*.—WALPOLE.





you? I carried down incense and mass-books, and we had most Catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card*<sup>4</sup> a little to please George—so much, that truly I have scarce an idea left that is not spotted with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry Committee for great embellishments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear something. It will not be longer than the spring, I trust, before you see something of it. In the mean time, to rest your impatience, I have enclosed a scratch of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourself a perfect idea of the place. All I can say is, that my sketch is at least more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke,<sup>5</sup> from which you made so like a picture.

Thank you much for the box of Guernsey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few seeds, which have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce anything but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's,<sup>1</sup> whither I remove all my superabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: 'Well,' said she, 'when it is done, what shall we call it?' 'Why,' said I, 'what would you call it but Drury Lane

<sup>4</sup> An expression of Mr. Montagu's.—WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> A sketch of Stoke Manor House, from which Bentley made his design in illustration of *The Long Story*.—T.

<sup>1</sup> Little Strawberry Hill.

Lane?' I mentioned desiring some samples of your Swiss's<sup>2</sup> abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propose, if he should be tolerable, and would continue reasonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your designs—upon which, you know, it is not easy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we shall purchase the fee-simple of him for so many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti?<sup>3</sup> We will sell to the English. Can he paint perspectives, and cathedral-aisles, and holy glooms? I am sure you could make him paint delightful insides of the chapel at the Vine and of the library here. I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend, all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, 'Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is much such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!' I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, 'That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!' The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanoucs, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themselves upon speaking the purest dialect. How one should delight

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Muntz, a Swiss painter.—WALPOLE. He did prove tolerable and did do the work suggested, but he did not continue reasonable, and was dismissed.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Smith, the English Consul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti, for a certain number of years, to paint exclusively for him at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers.—BERRY.

delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Crusca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken prisoners, General Braddock is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to so polite a people; I am even apprehensive that he would damn them, and order them to be scalped, in the very worst plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immense continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'est ridicule* to shut the lips in order to speak. Indeed, I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in supposing that there was nothing worth knowing among these charming savages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important paragraph, they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their answers with recapitulating what has been said to them; and their method for this is, the respondent gives a little stick to each of the bystanders, who is, for his share, to remember such a paragraph of the speech that is to be answered. You will wonder that I should have given the preference to the Ontaouanoucs, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converse for any time with people who speak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of Taafe and Montagu.<sup>4</sup> Their existence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Père Charlevoix, in his much-admired history of

<sup>4</sup> Two English gentlemen who were shut up in Fort l'Evêque for cheating a Jew.  
—WALPOLE.

of New France, in which there are such outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the Gospel, that his fables in natural history seem strict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as seldom as if you were in an island where the Duke of Newcastle was sole minister, parties at an end, and where everything had done happening.

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I have just seen in the advertisements that there are arrived two new volumes of Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*. Adieu, my American studies;—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanoucs!

25. To Richard Bentley

[Aetat 37]

Arlington Street  
Feb. 23, 1755

My dear Sir—Your *Argosie* is arrived safe; thank you for shells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landscape. As it is your first attempt in oils, and has succeeded so much beyond my expectation (and being against my advice too, you may believe the sincerity of my praises) I must indulge my Vasarihood, and write a dissertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is something in the tone of it that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you should have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the sun breaks; my own opinion is, that the result of the whole is

is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain summer sky to a wintry sea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the distant hills are too strong, and the outlines much too hard. The greatest fault is the trees (not apt to be your stumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular resemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend these errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to see some Gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the sweet little *cul-de-lampe* to the *Entail*: it is equal to anything you have done in perspective and for taste; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I shall certainly think a louis well bestowed—provided I do but get the block, and that you are sure it will be equal to the sample you sent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take so much time to polish it, I do wish you would be a little expeditious in sending it.

I have but frippery news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In short, we have acted with spirit, have got ready thirty ships of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The House of Commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordshire till seven at night three times a week: we have passed ten evenings on the Colchester election, and last Monday sat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever stands a contested election, and pays for his seat, and attends the first session, surely buys the other six very dear!

The

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The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgements executed on White's —angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, 'Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!'—'No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?'—'There is a great fire here in St. James's Street.'—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly

certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per pale, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. 'Lord!' said they, 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?'—'Oh! child,' said she, 'but you know, in case of fire.' There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom, that belonged to the Prince, is burnt, and Beckford's fine house in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, 'Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds apiece difference to my thirty children.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

*26. To Richard Bentley*

[Aetat 37]

Strawberry Hill

August 15, 1755

My dear Sir,—Though I wrote to you so lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can't help scribbling a line to

to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby's for a week or ten days, and must thank you first for the three pictures. One of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is absolutely fine; the sea, and shadows upon it, are masterly. The other two I don't, at least won't, take for finished. If you please, Elizabeth Castle shall be Mr. Muntz's performance: indeed I see nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Nessus; but in both, your colours are dirty, carelessly dirty: in your distant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large—I don't mean in the Elizabeth Castle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means so: he is sentimental, and she most improperly sorrowful. However, I am pleased enough to beg you would continue. As soon as Mr. Muntz returns from the Vine, you shall have a supply of colours. In the mean time why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no soot-water, no snuff, no coat of onion, no juice of anything? If you love me draw: you would if you knew the real pleasure you can give me. I have been studying all your drawings; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you succeed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newspapers say) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour is dead, I would recommend horses and greyhounds to you. I should think you capable of a landscape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn so well, that if it was called Schalken, a housekeeper at Hampton Court or Windsor

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O R,  
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M E T H O D o f P A I N T I N G  
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A sure and easy M E T H O D for Fixing of  
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C H A N C E R Y L A N E , H O L B O R N , 1760.

THE BOOK WHICH MÜNTZ TOOK WHEN DISMISSED FROM STRAWBERRY HILL



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Windsor, or a Catherine at Strawberry Hill, would show it, and say it cost ten thousand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more designs I proposed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that struck me t'other day in Péréfixe's *Life of Henry IV*. He says, the king was often seen lying upon a common straw-bed among the soldiers with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was besieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole; and the wife of a Secretary of State. This is being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too.<sup>1</sup> I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williamson who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault

<sup>1</sup> The 'Violetta' (1734-1822). The reputed daughter of a Viennese citizen; m. (1749) David Garrick.—T.

fault with me;<sup>2</sup> with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raftor<sup>3</sup> does flatter me; but I should be a cormorant for praise, if I could swallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge, who has been extinct so long, is at last dead; and the war, which began with such a flirt of vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus. But why should I take pains to show you in how many ways, I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why Mr. Cambridge<sup>4</sup> knows nothing!—I wish you good night!

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

27. *To Richard Bentley*

[Aetat 38]

Arlington Street

Nov. 16, 1755

Never was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain have persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do! I was, certainly, lame for

two

<sup>2</sup> Writing to Montagu, September 3, 1748, Walpole said: 'I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world—from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily—all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.'

<sup>3</sup> Brother of Mrs. Clive.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Owen Cambridge (1717-1802). A contributor to the *World* and writer of light verse. He was a notorious gossip and news-monger.

two days; and though I repelled it—first, by getting wet-shot, and then by spirits of camphire; and though I have since tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I still know where to look for it whenever I have an occasion for a political illness.—Come, my constitution is not very much broken, when, in four days after such a mortifying attack, I could sit in the House of Commons, full as possible, from two at noon till past five in the morning, as we did but last Thursday. The new opposition attacked the Address.—Who are the new opposition?—Why, the old opposition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge instead of Sir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me to hear Lyttelton answer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not answer to the merit: the new friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The *bon mot* in fashion is, that the staff was very good, but they wanted private men./ Pitt surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured, cabinet orations, make *vis-a-vis* his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence: the most admired part was a comparison he drew of the two parts of the new administration, to the conflux of the Rhône and the Saône; ‘the latter a gentle, feeble, languid stream, languid but not deep; the other a boisterous and overbearing torrent; but they join at last; and long may they continue united, to the comfort

comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and happiness of this nation!' I hope you are not mean-spirited enough to dread an invasion, when the senatorial contests are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never saw so promising a prospect. Would not it be cruel, at such a period to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promise me a letter; but it is not arrived:—but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

*England seems returning:* for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheshire, but comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have so much to say, that I have time to say but very little.

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. George Selwyn hearing much talk of a sea-war or a continent, said, 'I am for a sea-war and a continent admiral.'

28. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[Aetat 38]

Arlington Street  
Feb. 12, 1756

I will not write to my Lady Ailesbury to-night, nor pretend to answer the prettiest letter in the world, when I am out of spirits

spirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann,<sup>1</sup> who I fear is in a deep consumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the symptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that distemper is, and how unwise it would be to trust to it! As he is at Richmond, I pass a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and so may have missed some news; but I will tell you all I know.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want Admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little *piquant*; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. These three or four last days we have been solely upon the Pennsylvanian regiment,<sup>2</sup> bickering, and but once dividing, 165 to 57. We are got but past the first reading yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The Duke of Newcastle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words, *Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day*. It was plainly some friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house, to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensberry to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas. Don't it put you in mind of my Lord Treasurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cesar!*

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out

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<sup>1</sup> Galfridus Mann, brother of Horace. He died shortly after this.

<sup>2</sup> A plan for raising four battalions of Swiss and German settlers to serve in North America.—T.

out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy smile when my Lady Ailesbury talked of coming over soon. I fear major-general *you* will scarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park Place, when we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes,<sup>3</sup> you have no notion how good we are grown; nobody makes a suit of clothes now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes. The fast was kept so devoutly, that Dick Edgecumbe, finding a very lean hazard at White's, said with a sigh, 'Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a fast would have brought everybody hither; now it keeps everybody away!' A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one said to t'other, 'Look how red the sky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no masquerade!'

My Lord Ashburnham does not keep a fast; he is going to marry one of the plump Crawleys:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolsack.

The Duchess of Norfolk opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said

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<sup>3</sup> The dreadful earthquake which had taken place at Lisbon towards the end of the preceding year.—WALPOLE.

said, ‘Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company.’—It was not a bad picture.

My Lady Ailesbury flatters me extremely about my *World*, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute<sup>1</sup> Sir Eustace.<sup>2</sup> I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it, but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the Princess in a former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one’s self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it; I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my Lady Ailesbury, that I am sorry she could not discover any *wit* in Mrs. Hussey’s making a septleva. I knew I never was so vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thousand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you saw in the midst of what trumpery I am writing. Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon the mid-wife’s sale: Brobdingnag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lantern of scraped oyster-shells, scimitars, Turkish pipes, Chinese baskets, etc., etc.

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<sup>1</sup> The Prime Minister.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Eustace Drawbridgecourt. See *World*, No. 160, 5th vol.—WALPOLE. The real name of Walpole’s hero was D’Abriquecourt.—T.

etc. My servants think my head is turned: I hope not: it is all to be called the personal estate and movables of my great-great-grandmother, and to be deposited at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as strange a miscellany as my purchases.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I forgot that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

29. To George Montagu

[Aetat 39]

Strawberry Hill

Oct. 14, 1756

I shall certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pounds? You could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any perpe[tu]al sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of *Pelhams*,<sup>1</sup> perhaps I should not have thought you had underprized them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold-fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading, that

is

<sup>1</sup> The great Tory family.

is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung the *Magna Charta*, and the Warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written *Major Charta*; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The King of Prussia has sent us over a victory;<sup>2</sup> which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion.—Perhaps indeed there may be another port on the coast of France which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you. You are perfectly well, and always was ever since I knew you, which is now—I won't say how long, but

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<sup>2</sup> At Lobositz in Bohemia, where, on Oct. 1, 1756, Frederick defeated the Austrians under Marshal Brown.—T.

but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's, with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakespear, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:

*Quod spiro et placebo, si placebo, tuum est.*  
That I spirit have and nature,  
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,  
That I please, if please I do,  
Shakespear, all I owe to you.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

30. *To John Chute*

[*Aetat 39*]  
Strawberry Hill  
*July 12, 1757*

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*,<sup>1</sup> without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hindrance long: though at present

<sup>1</sup> To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire.—WALPOLE.



# O D E S

B Y

Mr. G R A Y.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ-----

PINDAR, Olymp. II.



PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL,  
For R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.  
MDCCLVII.

THE FIRST OUTPUT OF THE OFFICINA ARBUTEANA

present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven!—But hear: my Lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days: and on Monday next the *Officina Arbuteana*<sup>2</sup> opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson,<sup>3</sup> &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores*—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*.<sup>4</sup> I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus,<sup>5</sup> with a version by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait.—Now, my dear Sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail!<sup>6</sup>

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the *Gazette*, I think nothing could

<sup>2</sup> The Strawberry Hill Press.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Jacob Tonson (d. 1767), who carried on the publishing business founded by his great-uncle—T.

<sup>4</sup> Gray's odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, published under the title *Odes by Mr. Gray*, in August, 1757.

<sup>5</sup> The *Journey into England* of Paul Hentzner (1558-1623), of which two hundred and twenty copies were printed. It was published in October, 1757.—T.

<sup>6</sup> Line 6 of *The Bard*, not yet published.—T.

could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

31. *To Sir Horace Mann*

[*Aetat 39*]

Strawberry Hill

Aug. 4, 1757

Mr. Phelps (who is Mr. Phelps?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your ministerial spirits are: I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter<sup>1</sup> of fourteen squadrons; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings; the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites—even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail! What devout plunderers will every little Catholic prince of the empire become! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve

Mr.

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Hestenbeck.—WALPOLE.

Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days! Admiral Boscawen is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house, and a printer—not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press—two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious. I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be. I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the meantime, I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer<sup>1</sup>

to

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<sup>1</sup> William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry Hill.—WALPOLE. Eighteen months later Walpole wrote Zouch, 'My printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me.'

to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes—they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me, couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry, which he has retained from things he has printed: but it will best describe itself:—

Sir,—I date this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman.—This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator (there being no one but myself). All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company, and admires his understanding—what with his own and their writings, I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him, and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time

past

past; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the Artillery Ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last, are equal to, nay, far exceed the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat—the situation of it is close to the Thames, and is Richmond Gardens (if you were ever in them) in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground, not very common in this part of the country—the building elegant, and the furniture of a peculiar taste, magnificent and superb. He is a bachelor, and spends his time in the studious rural taste—not like his father, tost in the weather-beaten vessel of state—many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilot's at the helm, and more to the interest of England—they follow his advice now, and court the assistance of Spain, instead of provoking a war, for that was ever against England's interest.

I laughed for an hour at this picture of myself, which is much more like to the studious magician in the enchanted opera of Rinaldo: not but Twickenham has a romantic genteelness that would figure in a more luxurious climate. It was but yesterday that we had a new kind of auction—it was of the orange-trees and plants of your old acquaintance, Admiral Martin. It was one of the warm days of this jubilee summer, which appears only once in fifty years—the plants were disposed in little clumps about the lawn; the company walked to bid from one to the other, and the auctioneer knocked down the lots on the orange tubs. Within three doors was an auction of China. You did not imagine that we were such a metropolis! Adieu!

## 32. To George Montagu

[Aetat 39]

Strawberry Hill

Aug. 25, 1757

I did not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the Colonel so soon. It is plain that I did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you was so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's *Odes*—but you must remember that the age likes Akinside, and did like Thomson! Can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my Lord's deafness. Cambridge said, 'Perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you some account of *les amusements des eaux de Straberri*. T'other day my Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland, and the new Knight of the Garter<sup>1</sup> dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to My Lady Townshend; here they are—

The

<sup>1</sup> Lord Waldegrave.—T.

*By Garrick*

T O  
Mr. G R A Y,  
O N H I S  
O D E S.

I.

R E P I N E not, GRAY, that our weak dazzled Eyes  
Thy daring heights and brightnes shun,  
How few can track the Eagle to the skies,  
Or like Him, gaze upon the Sun !

II.

The gentle Reader loves the gentle Muse,  
That little dares, and little means,  
Who humbly sips her Learning from *Reviews*,  
Or flutters in the *Magazines*.

III.

No longer now from Learning's sacred Store  
Our Minds their health and vigor draw ;  
HOMER, and PINDAR are rever'd no more,  
No more the *Stagyrite* is *Law*.

IV.

GARRICK TO GRAY



The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;  
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.  
Stop, Townshend, and let me but *print* what you say;  
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose; I gave him four lines out of *The Fair Penitent*, which he set, but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else, without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *Were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my Lady Rochford the following lines:—

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,  
And exchang'd lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;  
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,  
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be YOUNG.<sup>1</sup>

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded.

Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Muntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day.

I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone. I am pretty sure I have none to come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute anything. The very altar-piece that I sent  
for

<sup>1</sup> Lady Rochford was a Miss Young.—T.

for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic columbarium for his family, which I proposed, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do anything else. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

33. *To George Montagu*

[*Aetat 41*]

Arlington Street  
Oct. 24, 1758

I am a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the *bears* that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written anything that meets your approbation, but if Lord Whitworth's<sup>1</sup> work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading—for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough.—The next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, *Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι*, which

<sup>1</sup> Charles Whitworth (1675-1725), first Baron Whitworth, sometime Minister at Vienna and Berlin.—T. Walpole published his *Account of Russia* at Strawberry Hill.

which Mr. Bentley translated with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done that set him the task, I mean his father, ‘the sons of heroes are loobies.’ My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences—it has dipped me in *erudite* correspondences—I receive letters every week that compliment my learning—now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for *not* being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger—pleasure, virtù, politics and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them.—Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness—for politics—a long adieu! With some of the Cardinal de Retz’s<sup>1</sup> experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don’t mean to commend a violent part *with* a view, that is still worse). I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine,<sup>2</sup> at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois,<sup>3</sup> rash and dark; by Colbert,<sup>4</sup> the affector of national interest, with designs not much better;

and

<sup>1</sup> Jean François Paul de Gondi (1614-1679), Cardinal de Retz, prominent in the war of the *Fronde*.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Newcastle.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Fox.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Pitt.—T.

and I leave the Abbé de la Rigbiere<sup>5</sup> to sell the weak Duke of Orleans<sup>6</sup> to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money—at least these are my present reflections—if I should change them to-morrow, remember I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human creatures; and so sensible of my fickleness that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather.—Today you see it temperate—to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy—for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience. Experience, what? Reflections. Reflections, what?—nothing that I ever could find—nor can I well agree with Waller, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.—

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe! I look back through my chinks—I find errors, follies, faults—fowards, old age and death; pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place—*il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu<sup>7</sup> thinks so well of me  
as

<sup>5</sup> Richard Rigby.—T.

<sup>6</sup> The Duke of Bedford.—T.

<sup>7</sup> Frederick Montagu (1733-1800), of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire; Lord of the Treasury, 1782, 1783. He was a friend of the poets Gray and Mason.—T.

as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu! Remember, nobody is to see this letter, but yourself and the clerks of the post office.

Yours ever,

H. W.

34. *To George Montagu*

[Actas 41]

June 2, 1759

Strawberry hill is grown a perfect Paphos, it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell;<sup>1</sup> a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, 'Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings.'—Yesterday the t'other, more famous, Gunning dined there.—She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty—there were they two, their lords, Lord Buckingham, and Charlotte.—You will think that I did  
not

<sup>1</sup>'A large seat in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.' See *Description of Strawberry Hill*, where it is engraved.—T.

not choose men for my parties so well as women.—I don't include Lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pam-ela*. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening.

I find poor Charles Montagu is dead—is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into Parliament?

The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo; and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of Parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; from *fear that comes from pusillanimity*, up to *fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my Lady Londonderry, who, when her sister, Lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it was a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it was a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called *Caractacus*; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, *will cry and roar all night* without the least provocation.

Adieu

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

35. *To Sir Horace Mann*

[Aetate 42]

Arlington Street  
Dec. 13, 1759

That ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission! How my own ignorance has laughed at me since I read your letter! I say, *your* letter, for as to Dr. Perelli's, I know no more of a Latin term in mathematics than Mrs. Goldsworthy<sup>1</sup> had an idea of verbs. I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge. When I first went to Cambridge, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson. I had not frequented him a fortnight, before he said to me, 'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them.' I can smile now, but I cried then with mortification. The next step, in order to comfort myself, was not to believe him: I could not conceive that I had not talents for anything in the world. I took, at my own expense, a private instructor, who came to me once a day for a year. Nay, I took infinite pains, but had so little capacity

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the English Consul at Leghorn, where, when she was learning Italian by grammar, she said, 'Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!' concluding, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, that there were no verbs in English.—WALPOLE.

capacity, and so little attention (as I have always had to anything that did not immediately strike my inclinations), that after mastering any proposition, when the man came the next day, it was as new to me as if I had never heard of it; in short, even to common figures, I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said it of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it, affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500. I don't know whether I ever told you, that when you sent me the seven gallons of drams, and they were carried to Mr. Fox by mistake for Florence wine, I pressed him to keep as much as he liked; for, said I, I have seen the bill of lading, and there is a vast quantity. He asked how much? I answered seventy gallons; so little idea I have of quantity. I will tell you one more story of myself, and you will comprehend what sort of a head I have! Mrs. Leneve<sup>2</sup> said to me one day, 'There is a vast waste of coals in your house; you should make the servants take off the fires at night.' I recollect this as I was going to bed, and, out of *economy*, put my fire out with a bottle of Bristol water! However, as I certainly will neglect nothing to oblige you, I went to Sisson, and gave him the letter. He has undertaken both the engine and the drawing, and has promised the utmost care in both. The latter, he says, must be very large, and that it will take some time to have it performed

\* Mrs. Isabella Leneve, a gentlewoman of a very ancient family in Norfolk, who had been brought up by Lady Anne Walpole, aunt of Sir Robert Walpole, with his sister, Lady Townshend, and afterwards had the care of Sir Robert's daughter, Lady Maria, after whose marriage with Mr. Churchill she lived with Mr. Walpole to her death. She had an excellent understanding, and a great deal of wit.—WALPOLE.

performed very accurately. He has promised me both in six or seven weeks. But another time, don't imagine, because I can bespeak an enamelled bauble, that I am fit to be entrusted with the direction of the machine at Marli. It is not to save myself trouble, for I think nothing so for you, but I would have you have credit, and I should be afraid of dishonouring you.

There! there is the King of Prussia has turned all our war and peace topsy-turvy! If Mr. Pitt will conquer Germany too, he must go and do it himself. Fourteen thousand soldiers and nine generals taken, as it were, in a partridge-net<sup>1</sup> and, what is worse, I have not heard yet that the monarch owns his rashness. You know I have always dreaded Daun—one cannot make a blunder but he profits of it—and this just at the moment that we heard of nothing but new bankruptcy in France. I want to know what a kingdom is to do when it is forced to run away?

14th—Oh! I interrupt my reflections—here is another bit of a victory! Prince Henry, who has already succeeded to his brother's crown, as king of the fashion, has beaten a parcel of Wirtembergers, and taken four battalions. Daun is gone into Bohemia, and Dresden is still to be ours. The French are gone into winter quarters—thank God! What weather is here to be lying on the ground! Men should be statues, or will be so, if they go through it. Hawke is enjoying himself in Quiberon Bay, but I believe has done no more execution. Dr.

Hay

<sup>1</sup> At Mazen in Saxony, where, on Nov. 26, General Finck, with between fifteen and twenty thousand men, was forced to surrender to the Austrians under Daun.—T.

Hay says it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed, one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one. We talk of a congress at Breda, and some think Lord Temple will go thither: if he does, I shall really believe it will be peace; and a good one, as it will then be of Mr. Pitt's making.

I was much pleased that the watch succeeded so triumphantly, and *beat the French* watches, though they were two to one. For the *Fugitive Pieces*<sup>1</sup>: the Inscription for the Column<sup>2</sup> was written when I was with you at Florence, though I don't wonder that you have forgotten it after so many years. I would not have it talked of, for I find some grave personages are offended with the liberties I have taken with so imperial a head.<sup>3</sup> What could provoke them to give a column Christian burial? Adieu!

36. *To Lady Hervey*

[Aetat 42]  
Jan. 12, 1760

I am very sorry your Ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I

<sup>1</sup> Printed at Strawberry Hill.

<sup>2</sup> Inscription on a neglected column at Florence.—WALPOLE.

<sup>3</sup> Francis, Emperer of Austria, husband of Maria Theresa. The poem contains a contemptuous reference to him as a 'Lorrainer.'—T.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, Madam, if I dreaded that the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your Ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former case they will not make me admire myself for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, gratitude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, Madam, a subject I have to say so much upon, will not your good-nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please,  
and

and whom, if I ever meant anything, I had meanted to please? I intended you should see how much I despise wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, Madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

37. *To George Montagu*

[*Aetat 42*]

Arlington Street

Jan. 14, 1760

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned, nothing appears in them; the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Trumps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke

broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October.—There's Hawke in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera House, for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is anything left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the Empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not subsistence! A pound of bread sells at Dresden for eleven-pence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupees with helmets and feathers, and accoutring their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverendly. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton at loo, who, by the way, has got a Pam-child this morning; and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going

going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Campden House,<sup>1</sup> and be as impertinent as ever my Lady Churchill<sup>2</sup> was—but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my Lord Bute no uneasiness. My Lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the Prince sung; there were my two nieces, and Lord Waldegrave, Lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom,<sup>3</sup> and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss West, my niece Chomley, and Murphy,<sup>4</sup> the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Chomley is very lively; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by Lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a *Letter to Two Great Men*. It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the City, and much admired by all who are too humble to judge for themselves. I don't tell you of it for the thing itself, but for what Lord Bath said on it. The Dowager Pembroke asked him if he writ it. 'Writ it!' he said; 'yes—and it was all about her—don't you see?' said he, 'in every page that it mentions *you*? It talks of a good *peace* (piece), and a safe piece, and an honourable

<sup>1</sup> Campden House at Kensington, formerly the residence of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.—T.

<sup>3</sup> In waiting on the Prince.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Arthur Murphy (1727-1805).—T. He was one of the first editors of Fielding and wrote a life of Garrick.



S<sup>T</sup> CECILIA.

*Parody of Sir J. Reynolds's portrait of Mr. Sheridan as Cecilia.*

LADY CECILIA JOHNSTONE



honourable piece, and a lasting piece, as you are, for so I have known you these forty years.'

I was much diverted t'other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards,<sup>1</sup> who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications; the last was to God; this is to Lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or t'other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of anything? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, etc., etc., and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? Apropos, I will tell you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. 'My Lord Temple!' said he, 'has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went and at once asked for my *Lord* Carlisle's Garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *Lady* Carlisle's garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

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<sup>1</sup> George Edwards (1694-1773), author of a *History of Birds*, and of *Gleanings from Natural History*.—T.

## 38. To George Moniagu

[Aetat 42]

Arlington Street  
Jan. 28, 1760

I shall almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore-throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's<sup>1</sup> mind, who, when anybody commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, 'Yes, Sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, Sir, very wholesome weather, Sir; kills trees, Sir; very good for a man, Sir.' There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my Lady Granby is dead, and the famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton,<sup>2</sup> and my Lady Besborough. I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore-throat and fever that carried off four of their children, a very few years ago. My Lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly. My Lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719), author of *The Dispensary*.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Lavinia Fenton, the original 'Polly Peacham' in the *Beggar's Opera*, and widow of the third Duke of Bolton.—T.

cian insisted on her keeping her bed, she said as she went into her room, ‘Then, Lord, have mercy upon me, I shall never come out of it again,’ and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days.—They were obliged to tell him the truth—never was an answer that expressed so much horror! He said, ‘And how many children have I left?’—not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor Lady Coventry<sup>3</sup> is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderer Queen Christina,<sup>4</sup> carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour. He got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to Tower Hill; unless, as Lord Talbot prophesied in the House of Lords, ‘Not being thought bad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody

<sup>3</sup> The more beautiful of the Miss Gunnings.

<sup>4</sup> Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden. Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse, was stabbed to death at her instigation, and almost in her presence, in one of the galleries at Fontainebleau.—T.

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somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed.' But that madman Lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalene House. We met at Northumberland House at five, and set out in four coaches; Prince Edward, Colonel Brudenel his groom, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's Fields, and I assure you, would content any Catholic alive. We were received by—oh, first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the Prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar, was an armchair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Dartmouth in the odour of devotion, and many City ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with Gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense, to drive away the devil—or

to

to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd,<sup>1</sup> who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls—so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham,<sup>2</sup> till I believe the City dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to the Royal Highness, whom he called most illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the Prince's hand, and then the lady abbess or matron brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old; but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at—one of these is a niece of Sir Clement Cotterel. We were shown their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn 10*l.* a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white,

which

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. William Dodd (1729-1777), hanged at Tyburn for forging the name of his former pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield.—T. Dr. Johnson took an active part in the effort to save him from the gallows.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of the Prime Minister. She was a notorious gambler and ruined herself at play.

which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My Lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on Lord George Sackville is appointed; General *Onslow*<sup>8</sup> is to be *Speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever,

H. W.

39. To George Montagu

[Actat 43]

Arlington Street  
Nov. 13, 1760

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common toying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved, and Sir Thomas remains as lumber not yet disposed of. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, 'No petticoat Government, no Scotch minister, no Lord George Sackville.' Two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester

House

<sup>8</sup> Brother of Arthur Onslow, the Speaker.—T.

House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody. All his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This young man don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well. It was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmorland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says they go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts there*.

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's Chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of footguards, every

every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns, all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich copes, the choir and almsmen all bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct—yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old—but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older enough to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased—no order was observed, people set or stood where they could or would, the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin, the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers, the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read, and the anthem, besides being unmeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis,<sup>1</sup> and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father, how little

reason

<sup>1</sup> An 'adonis' wig.—T.



" Or, eel-like slip'd away beyond thy pow'r,  
 " Pursu'st thou here th' irrevocable hour ?"

To whom in answer, FOLLY ; " From above  
 " Nor piety conducts, (we did not love,)      140  
 " Nor yet some early hour elaps'd, again <sup>Wilmington said he</sup>  
 " Hunt I thro' all the subsequent in vain ; <sup>of hunting the Boston</sup>  
 " But solemn embassy to FATE that brings <sup>hours in morning, and rather after it,</sup> ~~the rest of the day.~~  
 " On deep embars in the state of things :  
 " Lead on the unknown way, and as we go,      145  
 " Instruct me how you pass your time below."

When thus, at once advancing, P——m said,  
 " Think not our manners quit us when we're dead,  
 " Secure to be, they mock Death's feeble shaft,  
 " Smile at the Doctor, and defy his draught,      150  
 " And hurry'ng downward, (rather than survey  
 " The foolish farce their body has to play,  
 " The dry-eyed wife, the mutes dissolv'd in jokes,  
 " The hackney-coachmen-gentlemen in cloaks,

reason so ever he had to love him, could not be pleasant. His leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hourt, his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend—think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with t'other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theoretic to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the Groom of the Bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle—the King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun.<sup>2</sup> This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, ‘Who is to be Groom of the Bedchamber?’ ‘What is Sir T. Robinson

<sup>2</sup> At Torgau in Saxony, on Nov. 3, 1760.—T.

Robinson to have?' I have been to Leicester Fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

40. *To Lady Mary Coke*<sup>1</sup>

[*Aetat 43*]

Newmarket

Feb. 12, 1761

You would be puzzled to guess, Madam, the reflections into which solitude and an inn have thrown me. Perhaps you will imagine that I am regretting not being at loo at Princess Emily's, or that I am detesting the corporation of Lynn for dragging me from the amusements of London; perhaps that I am meditating what I shall say to a set of people I never saw; or—which would be more like me—determining to be out of humour the whole time I am there, and show how little I care whether they elect me again or not. If your absolute sovereignty over me did not exclude all jealousy, you might possibly suspect that the Duchess of Grafton has at least as much share in my chagrin as Pam himself. Come nearer to the point, Madam, and conclude I am thinking of Lady Mary Coke, but in a style much more becoming so sentimental a lover than if I was merely concerned for your absence

In

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Campbell (1726-1811), youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll. She was one of the most extraordinary characters of the Eighteenth Century. In 1747 she married Lord Coke, the Earl of Leicester's only son, but refused to live with him as his wife. She got a separation in 1749 and then embarked upon an exciting life of imagined intrigue and persecution in nearly every court of Europe.

In short, Madam, I am pitying you, actually pitying you! how debasing a thought for your dignity! but hear me. I am lamenting your fate; that you, with all your charms and all your merit, are not yet immortal! Is not it provoking that, with so many admirers, and so many pretensions, you are likely to be adored only so long as you live? Charming, in an age when Britain is victorious in every quarter of the globe, you are not yet enrolled in the annals of its fame! Shall Wolfe and Boscawen and Amherst be the talk of future ages, and the name of Mary Coke not be known? 'Tis the height of disgrace! When was there a nation that excelled the rest of the world whose beauties were not as celebrated as its heroes and its orators? Thais, Aspasia, Livia, Octavia—I beg pardon for mentioning any but the last when I am alluding to you—are as familiar to us as Alexander, Pericles, or Augustus; and, except the Spartan ladies, who were always locked up in the two pair of stairs making child-bed linen and round-eared caps, there never were any women of fashion in a gloriously civilized country, but who had cards sent to invite them to the table of fame in common with those drudges, the men, who had done the dirty work of honour. I say nothing of Spain, where they had so true a notion of gallantry, that they never ventured having their brains knocked out, but with a view to the glory of their mistress. If her name was but renowned from Segovia to Saragossa they thought all the world knew it and were content. Nay, Madam, if you had but been lucky enough to be born in France a thousand years ago, that is fifty or sixty, you would have gone down to eternity hand in hand with Louis

Quatorze

Quatorze; and the sun would never have shined on him, as it did purely for seventy years, but a ray of it would have fallen to your share. You would have helped him to pass the Rhine and been coupled with him at least in a *bout rimé*.

And what are we thinking of? Shall we suffer posterity to imagine that we have shed all this blood to engross the pitiful continent of America? Did General Clive drop from heaven only to get half as much as Wortley Montagu? Yet this they must suppose, unless we immediately set about to inform them in authentic verse that your eyes and half a dozen other pair lighted up all this blaze of glory. I will take my death your Ladyship was one of the first admirers of Mr. Pitt, and all the world knows that his eloquence gave this spirit to our arms. But, unluckily, my deposition can only be given in prose. I am neither a hero nor a poet, and, though I am as much in love as if I had cut a thousand throats or made ten thousand verses, posterity will never know anything of my passion. Poets alone are permitted to tell the real truth. Though an historian should, with as many asseverations as Bishop Burnet, inform mankind that the lustre of the British arms under George II was singly and entirely owing to the charms of Lady Mary Coke, it would not be believed—the slightest hint of it in a stanza of Gray would carry conviction to the end of time.

Thus, Madam, I have laid your case before you. You may, as you have done, inspire Mr. Pitt with nobler orations than were uttered in the House of Commons of Greece or Rome; you may set all the world together by the ears; you may send  
for



# PROSPERITY TO HOUGHTON.

*Nunc est bibendum. Hor. philip Mayl.*

To the Tune of, *An Ape, a Lion, a Fox and an Ass*, &c.

## I.

OME Bards of old Times much delighted with Sack,  
Have wrote in us Praife, and extoll'd the sweet Smack;  
Dug a Dine *D'Urfer* (Peace rest with his Soul)  
Has render'd Immortal the Strong-Beer of *Knowl*:  
Some there are Smote too with Love of Mild-Ale,  
And others stand up while they're able for Stale;  
Yet the *Hogen* of *Houghton* remains still Unsung,  
Tho' such excellent Liquor was ne'er nipp'd o'er Tongue.

## II.

HAD the *Trojans* Drank *Hogen* those Blades of Renown,  
They'd ne'er suffer'd the *Greeks* That Denouli'd their Town,  
But have fought all like furies, inspir'd with this  
*Paris* long kept his Life and his Favourite Miss :  
Who takes but his Doſe on't, was ne'er known to sneak,  
And 'tis the only Thing extant to make a Cat speak,  
So says Dr. *Turner* and he fure can tell,  
At least till he gets Himsel' rocky with *Nell*. *old song*

## III.

THE old Ballad ~~sing~~ Homer delighted with Nectar,  
And made great Fufs with the tall Boy call'd *Hector* ;  
But had Fortune thrown him on Norfolk's fair Coast,  
He'd have only prais'd *Hogen* and sung Col. *Hoyle* :  
Amongst all his Heroes not one can be found,  
Could tip off four Bottles and then stand his Ground :  
And for Bully *Achilles* who did Swagger and Damn,  
With this *Hogen* the *Dolce* had soon made a Lamb. *new*

## IV.

YOUR Foreign Monfieurs with Champagne make a Rout,  
And dull English Skulls love Nump Parsons' Stout,  
Tokay's too much puzzled by Palty Poles,  
But its *Hogen* agrees best with true British Souls ;  
The Doctor's persuad'd Sir Robert's one Glaſ,  
Is the Occasion, Things now are at so good a Paf ;  
And tears if Sir Joseph's as wife as some think, *old song*  
He should part with his Rolls for a Draught of ſuch Drink.

## V.

COME a Health to Sir Robert, fure none can refufe,  
And he that won't pledge, may he die in a Noote ;  
Small Return for his Cares, may he still be ador'd,  
And let take One more to my Lady and Lord.  
May *Houghton* long flourish to give us Delight,  
May its Malters be all great and good as the Knight ;  
May a Race long ſucceed like the Place without Faults,  
That may tread in his Paths, and keep full the Vaults.

## VI.

BUT hold, one Cup more, I muſt take if I die,  
You may queſt what I mean, here's Miss Hammond's soft Eye ;  
She's fo Loveli, fo Lively, as the blooming Bud treth,  
She's all Language can utter, or Painting exprēs :  
Tis well judg'd of *Venus* to fly in the Sky,  
She'd make poor Figure where 't other is ;  
And while Toucets of Drawing-Room Beauties make boast,  
I'll defy them to match me the Liquor or Toſt.

*Susan, wife  
of J. W. Hammond  
of Houghton.*

for all the cannon from Cherbourg, all the scalps from Quebec, and for every nabob's head in the Indies; posterity will not be a jot the wiser, unless you give the word of command from Berkeley Square in an ode, or you and I meet in the groves of Sudbrook<sup>1</sup> in the midst of an epic poem. 'Tis a vexatious thought, but your Ladyship and this age of triumphs will be forgotten unless somebody writes verses worthy of you both.

I am your Ladyship's

Most devoted slave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

41. *To George Montagu*

[Aetat 43]

Houghton  
March 25, 1761

Here I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections!—no, Gray, and forty churchyards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time—every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doted, and who doted on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom

<sup>1</sup> Near Kingston-on-Thames; the seat of the Dowager-Duchess of Argyll, Lady Mary Coke's mother.—T.

whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled—there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets!

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed—accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them<sup>1</sup> seems poor—but shall I tell you truly—the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring! Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas—must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young; I cannot satiate myself with looking—an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments—I could not hurry before them fast enough—they were not so long in *seeing* for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*—they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should

<sup>1</sup> In the *Ædes Walpoliana*.—T.

should be over-dressed—how different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea where queens and crowds admired them, though *seeing* them as little as these travellers!

When I had drunk tea, I strolled into the garden—they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*—what a dissonant idea of pleasure—those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown; many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory—I met two game-keepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude—yet I loved this garden; as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton—Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to—I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood.

The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself—or us, with the thoughts of his economy—  
how

how wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over! If Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now—poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant!—You will think all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy—pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

. . . how often must it weep, how often burn!

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning—moral reflections on commonplaces are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune.—He is going to Germany—I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts—at least images, of very different complexion—I go to Lynn and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides<sup>1</sup> on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket—I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping

*Monday night, thirty-first*

No, I have not seen him, he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day

I

<sup>1</sup> His nephew, the Earl of Orford.—T.

I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob! addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Reubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post chaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects—well! how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my perroquet, to play at loo, and not to be obliged to talk seriously—the Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself

Your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me—not from any affection, but curiosity—the first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, ‘Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you; he always stood the whole time.’ ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it

it—besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones.'—I am sure she proposes to tell her remark to my uncle Horace's ghost the instant they meet.

42. To George Montagu

[*Aetat 43*]

Arlington Street

May 5, 1761

We have lost a young genius, Sir William Williams; an express from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery: in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness—and to ours—for what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing—for the glory, I leave it [to] the Common Council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it was Apollo's birthday; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations<sup>1</sup> from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be engraved in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not writ a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years

<sup>1</sup> *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*, paraphrases from the Icelandic.—T.



price.\* In a MS. catalogue of the collection of King Charles I. taken in the year 1649, and containing some pictures that are not in the printed list, I find mention made of an old man's head by Mabuse; Sir Peter Lely had the story of Hercules and Deianira by him. † The only work besides that I know of this master in England, is a celebrated picture in my possession. It was bought for 200*l.* by Henrietta Louisa Countess of Pomfret, and hung for some years at their seat at Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, whence it was sold after the late earl's death. The earl of Oxford once offered 500*l.* for it.‡ It is painted on board and is four feet six inches and three quarters wide by three feet six inches and three quarters high. It represents the inside of a church, an imaginary one, not at all resembling the abbey where those princes were married. The perspective and the landscape of the country on each side are good. On one hand on the fore ground stand the king and the bishop of Imola who pronounced the nuptial benediction. His majesty || is a trifl, lean, ungracious figure, with a down-cast look, very expressive of his mean temper, and of the little satisfaction he had in the match. Opposite to the bishop is the queen,§ a buxom well-looking damsel, with golden hair. By her is a figure,

above

\* It is now at the Grange in Hampshire, the seat of the lord chancellor Henley.

† See catalogue of his collection, p. 48. No. 99.

‡ I gave eighty-four pounds.

|| He is extremely like his profile on a shilling.

§ Her image preserved in the abbey, among those curious but mangled figures of some of our princes, which were carried at their interments, and now called the ragged regiment, has much the same countenance. A figure in Merlin's cave was taken from it. In a MS. account of her coronation in the Cottonian library mention is made of her fair yellow hair hauing at length upon her shoulders.

X I have since bought a small one of Christ crowned with Thorns by him, with his name Malbouys, on it: and Mr. Baugé mentions another at Rochester; Gray on Old Painting, p. 96.

In 1792. Lord Oxford was offered one of the finest Pictures painted by Mabuse, subject allegoric. for 100 Guineas, which he refused, and which Mr. Garrett of Lee in Kent, purchased. On afterwards viewing that Picture, Lord B. declared that his portrait of Henry VII<sup>th</sup> on Board in the great Bedchamber at Strawberry Hill, was certainly painted by Mabuse. See no note in p. 104.

years hence. But the true frantic *oestrus* resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox—Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—‘Why now,’ said he, ‘you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?’ This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own *Sigismonda*, which is exactly a maudlin whore, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father’s picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep’s pluck in St. James’s Market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, ‘Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.’ I sat down, and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way.<sup>1</sup> W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be sorry to have you expose yourself to censure. We painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there’s Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t’other day he offered 100*l.* for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it—but what I particularly wanted to say to you was

<sup>1</sup> *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*

was about Sir James Thornhill<sup>2</sup> (you know he married Sir James's daughter): I would not have you say anything against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence—he was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it—besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is; very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS., and I believe the work will not give much offence. Besides, if it does, I cannot help it; when I publish anything, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash. Mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it—it is rather an apology for painters—I think it owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him.—If I had stayed, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with anything so distracted. I had  
consecrated

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Thornhill, Knight (1675-1734), Sergeant-Painter to George I.—T.

consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my Preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he was not mad. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

43. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[Aetat 43]

Arlington Street  
Sept. 25, 1761

This is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry Hill

I was interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by Lord Waldegrave; and then the Duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington House to meet the Duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all

all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a City friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the Coast of Newfoundland has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. Secretary Cortez<sup>1</sup> insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling Lord Bristol.<sup>2</sup> The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the Address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The Coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the Hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the Sword of State, the chairs for King and Queen, and their canopies. They used

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt, then Secretary of State.—WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> The English Ambassador at the court of Madrid.—WALPOLE.

used the Lord Mayor's for the first, and made the last in the Hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the King, reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the Knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Pembroke were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old Westmoreland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the King's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was what happened to the Queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient* what found she but—the Duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed overnight, slept in armchairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, Lady Peterborough, was a comely figure. My Lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with Lady Macclesfield. Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn said, 'that those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not.' I carried my Lady Townshend, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Connolly, my Lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster Hall. My Lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a

Coronation

Coronation, as she never had seen one. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘Madam, you walked at the last?’ ‘Yes, child,’ said she, ‘but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me.’ The Duchess of Queensbury walked! her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The Queen has been at the Opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over Miss Chudleigh’s; and Lord Strafford and Lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The Duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the Opera and play when the King and Queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late Royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other Opera in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘but there was nobody but the King and Queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.’

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as Lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me everything but letters!

## 44. To George Montagu

[Aetat 44]

Arlington Street  
Dec. 8, 1761

I return you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all to which I have affixed this mark X. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the Duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I had been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland—I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more—I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make* it *new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the Second, and depressed Edward the Third. The next historian, I suppose, will make James the First a hero, and geld Charles the Second.

*Fingal* is come out—I have not yet got through it—not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. *Fingal* is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it, I should be ruined with my Scotch friends—in short, I cannot believe it genuine—I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before

Christianity

Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it. Were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier—I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was *Cymbeline*, and appeared to me as long as if everybody in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick. . . .<sup>1</sup>

45. To George Montagu

[Aetat 45]

Arlington Street  
Feb. 2, 1762

I scolded you in my last, but I shall forgive you, if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are

<sup>1</sup> The rest of the letter is missing in the Kimbolton MS.—T.

( 12 )

N.O.

Mr. WILLIAM TOMKINS,

*At Mr. Turner's, Surgeon, in St. Martin's Lane.*

122 A small landkip, the morning.

123 Ditto, the evening.

124 \* A Thistle and Butterflies.

Mr. XAVIER VESPRE,

*In Thrift-street, Sobo.*

125 \* A picture upon glass: a first attempt in that way.

Mr. WALE,

*In Little Court, Castle-Street, Leicester-Fields.*

126 The head of Pompey shown to Caesar,

127 Philip, his slave, making his funeral pile.

Mr. WEBB,

*In St. Martin's-Lane.*

128 A lady, whole length,

129 A gentleman, half length,

130 A piece of flowers.

Mr. WEST, *at Newhaven, California*

*In Castle-Street, Leicester-Fields,*

131 Angelica and Medoro, an historical picture. *These are much admired.*

132 It's companion, Cymon and Iphigenia. *Between twenty in  
the manner of Andrea Mantegna.*

133 A gentleman, whole length. *General Monkton.*

Mr. WILDING,

*At the Golden Head, in Sutton-Street, Sobo.*

134 Miniature of a child.

Mr. RICHARD WILSON,

*In the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.*

*With* 135 A small landkip, with a ruin,

136 Ditto, it's companion,

\* He was born by a second wife of a draper, by profession a copper, settled in Oxfordshire, where he went to Pennsylvania, where his son Hyacinth was born, who having great propensity to drawing, was sent to Italy by a contribution of different persons.



are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork, rags; and the embroidery, nastiness. She wears no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

*Insanam vatem aspicias.*—

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. McNaghton, and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock Lane—why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I was to stay a little, I might send you its *life*, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the Ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman

woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer *The Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it—for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*.—We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in—at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering there by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes—I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts?—we had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning—that is, when there are only prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering

wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises where they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylsford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There! how good I am!

Yours ever,  
H. W.

*46. To George Montagu*

[Actæt 45]  
Strawberry Hill  
May 17, 1763

'On vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au château de Straberri: tout étoit tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des fées, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thé, du café, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls.'—This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither, for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it. The French do not come hither *to see*. *A l'angloise* happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people have been the dupes of it. I take for granted

granted that their next mode will be à l'iroquoise, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hotel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knotting-bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch-built, and whose muscles are more pleasure-proof, came with her; there were besides, Lady Mary Coke, Lord and Lady Holderness, the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord Hertford, Lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, Déon,<sup>1</sup> et Duclos. The latter is author of the Life of Louis Onze; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionets. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine

<sup>1</sup> Charles Geneviève de Beaumont D'Eon (1728-1810), at this time secretary to the Duc de Nivernais, on whose return to France he was for a short period Minister Plenipotentiary in London. He subsequently masqueraded for many years in woman's dress, both in England and France.—T.

mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:

The Press speaks—

FOR MADAME DE BOUFFLERS

The graceful fair, who loves to know,  
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;  
Who bids her polish'd accent wear  
The British diction's harsher air;  
Shall read her praise in every clime  
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

FOR MADAME DUSSON

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;  
You could not miss my meaning, were it Greek.  
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,  
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.  
True sentiment a like expression pours;  
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little *gentillesse* pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chrétien*; and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold,<sup>1</sup> who have both got fevers, nor the Duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all

<sup>1</sup> Properly written Dromgoole. The Colonel belonged to an Irish family of Danish extraction. He was at this time acting as secretary to the Duc de Nivernois. When Dr. Johnson visited Paris in 1775 he was entertained by Dromgoole, who was then at the head of the École Militaire.—T.

all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the Duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—apropos, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your Grandsons.<sup>1</sup>

Before Lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a Commissioner of the Lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a year.

Thursday, 19th

I am ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you! I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher, but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough, to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, Lady Rockingham, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Holderness, Lord Villiers, Count Woronzow the Russian minister, Lady Sondes, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Miss Mary Pelham, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting, the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection

<sup>1</sup> Montagu's brother, General Charles Montagu, had recently married Countess Grandison.—T.

tion in which the ghost of Kent would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware: French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the belvedere on the summit of the hill, where a threatened storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the belvedere while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by those tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river—in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini<sup>1</sup> and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and Lord Pembroke on the bass, accompanied Miss Pelham, Lady Rockingham, and the Duchess of Grafton, who sang.

This

<sup>1</sup> Felice de'Giardini (1716-1796) a celebrated violinist.—T.

This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance—I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss Chudleigh's—but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life, for really when one is not young, one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*—I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

47. *To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway*

[Aetat 45]

Arlington Street

May 21, 1763

You have now seen the celebrated Madame de Boufflers,<sup>1</sup> I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she is agreeable, but I dare say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit maître* or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people

<sup>1</sup> The Comtesse de Boufflers, who since the Revolution in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the Comtesse Emilie de Boufflers.—WALPOLE.

people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their King is taciturnity itself, Mirepoix was a walking mummy, Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child, and M. Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor Fanny Pelham, as absurd as the Duchess of Queensbury, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this Maid of Honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the Queen's family really was so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours.—If they gave rise to any more birthdays, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottoes beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the Prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes*.

2. For the Princess Dowager, a bird of paradise, and *two* little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo*. People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori*. 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated *I have no peer*. People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger Princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat*. 6. The two younger Princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, *Bashful in youth, graceful in age*. The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The Duke of Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui*. Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, *All the honours the dead can receive*. This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach,<sup>1</sup> began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park Place. I ask, shall not you come to the Duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 6th of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible

<sup>1</sup> Christian Charles, Margrave of Anspach. He sold his territories to Prussia in 1791, and died in 1806.—T.

sensible friend of mine in Scotland, who has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them—are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them.—The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that men who have not served are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

48. *To Sir Horace Mann*

[Aetate 46]

Arlington Street  
Dec. 12, 1763

My last journal was dated the 18th of last month. Since that period we have been totally employed upon Mr. Wilkes, or events flowing from him; for he is an inexhaustible source. I shall move regularly, and tell you his history in order.

In the first place, he is not dead of his wound, though not yet out of danger, for they think another piece of his coat is to come away, as two have already.<sup>1</sup>

On

<sup>1</sup> A month previous Wilkes had fought a duel with one Samuel Martin, M. P. for Camelot. Martin procured the reversion of one of Walpole's offices and endured a fever of anxiety whenever Walpole was ill, to Walpole's amusement.

On the 23rd we, the Commons, had a debate that lasted late, whether we should proceed to the question on privilege, as Wilkes could not attend. There was a great defection among the royal troops, and the minority amounted to 166: but the next day, on the question itself, it sunk to 133, when we resigned our privilege into the hands of any messengers that should be sent for it. Mr. Pitt was brought thither in flannels, and spoke for two hours, but was forced to retire four hours before we came to the question.

These debates were followed by a curious account of the famous blasphemous and bawdy poem, the *Essay on Woman*, published by one Kidgell,<sup>1</sup> a Methodist parson, who had been employed to hunt it out. The man has most deservedly drawn on himself a torrent of indignation and odium, which I suppose he will forget in a deanery.<sup>2</sup>

The next proceeding was in the Lords, who sat till ten at night on the question of agreeing to our resolutions. The Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35.

So much for within doors. But without, where the minority is the majority, the event was very different. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on the third of this month. A prodigious riot ensued; the sheriffs were mobbed, the constables beaten and the paper with much difficulty set on fire by a link, and then rescued. The ministry

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Kidgell, Chaplain to the Earl of March.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Kidgell was forced to leave England for debt, and died abroad.—WALPOLE.

ministry, some in a panic and some in a rage, fetched the sheriffs before both Houses; but, after examinations and conferences for four days, the whole result was, that all the world had appeared to be on the same side, that is, not well disposed to the administration. This dissatisfaction has been increased by a violent attack made by the Duke of Bedford on the Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Common Council, for not disowning and suppressing the riot; and though he was abandoned by the rest of the ministry, who paid court to the City at his Grace's expense, they were so exasperated, that a motion being made to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour, and to prosecute one of the rioters, who is in prison, it was rejected on a division by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

The ministry have received a still greater mortification: the Under-Secretary, Mr. Wood, has been cast in the Common Pleas in damages of a thousand pounds to Mr. Wilkes; the printers too have recovered four hundred; and, what is still more material, the Solicitor-General could not make out his proof of Wilkes being author of the *North Briton*.

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dunn,<sup>1</sup> got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

I have told you all this briefly, but you may imagine what noise

<sup>1</sup> Dunn was examined at the bar of the House of Commons, and found to be insane.—T.

noise so many events have made in the hands of some hundred thousand commentators.

The famous Lord Shelburne,<sup>1</sup> and the no less famous Colonel Barré<sup>2</sup>—I don't know whether their fame has reached you—are turned out for joining the opposition.

The approaching holidays will suspend farther hostilities for some time, or prepare more. We have scarce any other kind of news than politics. The interlude of Princess Augusta's wedding will be of very short duration.

You have seen some mention in the papers of Monsieur D'Eon, who, from secretary to Monsieur de Nivernois, became Plenipotentiary; an honour that turned his brain. His madness first broke out upon one Vergy, an adventurer, whose soul he threatened to put into the chamber-pot and make him drink it. This rage was carried so far one night at Lord Halifax's, that he was put under arrest. Being told his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he thought it meant the Peace he had signed, and grew ten times madder. This idea he has thrust into a wild book that he has published, the title-page of which would divert you; he states all his own names, titles, and offices: Noble Claude, Geneviève, Louis, Auguste, Caesar, Alexandre, Hercule, and I don't know what, Docteur en Droit: the *chute* from Caesar to Master Doctor is admirable. The conclusion of the story is, that the poor creature has all the papers of the negotiation in his hands, and threescore thousand livres belonging to the Comte de Guerchy, and will deliver neither one nor the other

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the first Marquis of Lansdowne and (1782-83) Prime Minister.

<sup>2</sup> After Shelburne's dismissal, he became an adherent of Pitt. He was one of the most prominent members of the opposition to Lord North's ministry.—T.



LE CHEVALIER D'ÉON



other. He is recalled from home, and forbidden the court here, but enjoys the papers, and lives on the money, and they don't know how to recover either. Monsieur de Guerchy has behaved with the utmost tenderness and humanity to him. This minister is an agreeable man, and pleases much.

I have received your long letter of November 12th, with your expectations of the Duke of York, the Woronzows, and the Garricks, most of whom are, I suppose, arrived by this time. The Chelsea china, as you guessed, was a present from the Duchess of Grafton: I told her how pleased you was with it, and that you flattered yourself it was her present. She thought you knew it, for she says she had writ you two letters.

Adieu! You must live upon this letter for some time. Our *villeggiatura* begins when yours ends. The town will be quite empty in a week, till the 18th or 20th of January, unless folks come to stare at the Prince of Brunswick; but I don't know when he is to be here. Nay, you will not want English news, while you have English Princes, Russian Chancellors, and English players.

49. *To the Rev. William Cole*<sup>1</sup>

[Actæt 47]

Strawberry Hill

March 9, 1765

Dear Sir,—I had time to write but a short note with the *Castle of Otranto*, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock

<sup>1</sup> William Cole (1714-1782), antiquary, at this time Rector of Bletchley. He was a former school-fellow at Eton of Horace Walpole, whose antiquarian tastes led him (in 1762) to open a correspondence with Cole, which was continued until Cole's death. Cole was a Tory and a High Churchman, with leanings to Roman Catholicism, but in

o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics—in short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness, but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and

I

spite of divergence of opinion he was always on good terms with Walpole. The latter found Cole's knowledge and industry of great use, while Cole was not insensible to the honour of being a correspondent of Walpole's—T.

W<sup>m</sup> Cole 1765.

T H E

CASTLE OF OTRANTO,

A

S T O R Y.

Translated by

WILLIAM MARSHAL, Gent.

From the Original ITALIAN of

ONUPHRIUS MURALTO,

CANON of the Church of St. NICHOLAS

at OTRANTO.

wrote by the hon<sup>ble</sup> Horace Walpole Esq<sup>r</sup>.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Tho. Lownds in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXV.

COLE'S COPY OF *The Castle of Otranto*



I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blecheley, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my French journey, I have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to your French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS., for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you; and are you aware of the danger they would run, if you settled entirely in France? Do you know that the King of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine*? Sometimes by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime; and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old Lady Sandwich had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left everything to the present Lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the King's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS., deposited with me—seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the State Trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, a collection of old ballads and poetry,<sup>1</sup> in three volumes, many from Pepys's collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed, there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor, who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission, but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings apiece, from different farmhouses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see—but don't take farther trouble than that. I long to know what your bundle of manuscripts from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs

<sup>1</sup> Percy's *Reliques*.—T.

belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the Fairy Tales, used to tapestry them with jonquils; but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old-fashioned *galantries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower, you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth, but as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation; though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories, and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture—but, good night! you see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—well! it may be trifling, yet it is such trifling as Ambition never is happy enough to know! Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

50. To Sir David Dalrymple<sup>1</sup>

[Actæt 47]

Strawberry Hill

April 21, 1765

Sir,—Except the mass of Conway papers, on which I have not yet had time to enter seriously, I am sorry I have nothing  
at

<sup>1</sup> Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. (1726-1792) afterwards Lord Hailes. He was the author of the *Annals of Scotland*, besides many less important works.—T.

at present that would answer your purpose. Lately, indeed, I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter, and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least to profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love, cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend Lord Finlater will perhaps show you the fruit<sup>1</sup> of that trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty.

I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old ballads, to which I see, Sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do, when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. I would not omit my notes in your case. Will they, who wanted common sense when they read your first edition, enjoy an ampler portion of it on the publication of the second? Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings; and though those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened, they who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, Sir, you will not betray me: but let me beg you not to

<sup>1</sup> *The Castle of Otranto.*

to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Everybody that comes to see it or me, are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them, but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear Sir.

I am your much obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S As I think of making Lord Hertford a visit at Paris this summer, I should be happy if you would honour me with any commission thither. Perhaps there I could easily find any prints of Nanteuil that you may still want.

51. *To Lady Hervey*

[*Aetat 47*]

Strawberry Hill

June 11, 1765

I am almost as much ashamed, Madam, to plead the true cause of my faults towards your Ladyship, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to look in

in Upper Grosvenor Street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I send it to your Ladyship, because I had rather you should laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my sins of omission are equal to many a good Christian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourscore: and I truly believe I shall bring my resolutions within compass; for I have not chalked out any particular business that will take me above forty years more; so that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the present age, I shall lead a quiet sober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's is the kingdom of flowers, I must not wish to send you any; else, Madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeysuckles, and seringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yesterday, owned that the climate and odours equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it, too. Monsieur de Caraman entered into the Gothic spirit of the place, and really seemed pleased, which was more than I expected; for, between you and me,

Madam

Madam, our friends the French have seldom eyes for anything they have not been used to see all their lives. I beg my warmest compliments to your host and Lord Ilchester. I wish your Ladyship all pleasure and health, and am, notwithstanding my idleness,

Your most faithful and devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

52. *To George Montagu*

[*Actat 47*]

Strawberry Hill

July 28, 1765

The less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of oneself to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and, under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence

insolence to almost indifference. Judge, then, how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky as Lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me; but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended; and if Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall still be more fluctuating; for though the Duke and Duchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I again saunter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers, a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously

peditiously as it can: it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice; but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see: but, to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me; this surely is not a state to be preferred to death: and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow: at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

53. *To John Chute*

[Aetat 47]

Paris

Oct. 3, 1765

I don't know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, sights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or other belonging to them catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the Duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, 'Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?'

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain, too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles,  
like

like everything else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay, in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The Queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the King's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old Queen, who is like Lady Primrose in the face, and Queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the Dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The Dauphiness is in her bedchamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four Mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bedchamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting-bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very short; then you are carried to the Dauphin's three boys

boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The Duke of Berry looks weak and weak-eyed; the Count de Provence is a fine boy; the Count d'Artois<sup>1</sup> well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the Dauphin's little girl<sup>2</sup> dine, who is as round and as fat as a pudding.

In the Queen's antechamber we foreigners and the foreign ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan, just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the Duc of Praslin's with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The Duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The Duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the Duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced General Churchill, Wilks the player,<sup>3</sup> the Duke of Argyll, &c. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

I

<sup>1</sup> Louis Auguste, Duc de Berry; Louis Stanislaus Xavier, Comte de Provence; Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois; all of whom reigned, as Louis XVI, Louis XVIII and Charles X respectively.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Adelaide Clotilde Xavière (d. 1802); m. (1775) Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Wilks (d. 1732).—T.

54. *To Thomas Gray*[*Aetas* 48]

Paris

Jan. 25, 1766

I am much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted without an under waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making oneself tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious or rather irreligious opinions

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opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists —at least, not the men. Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman Catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the Parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the court has shown a little spirit, and the Parliaments much less: but as the Duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the Parliament of Bretagne, the Parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English heads than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less

less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquired by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship: and by a freedom and severity, which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. She was bred under the famous Madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand,<sup>1</sup> was for a short time mistress

of

<sup>1</sup> Marie de Vichy Chamron (1697-1780), Marquise du Deffand; she had been blind since 1752. Her *appartement* was in the Convent of St. Joseph in the Rue St. Dominique, where for thirty years she received the literary and aristocratic celebrities of her own and other nations. Walpole soon became Madame du Deffand's almost daily visitor while in Paris, and one of her warmest admirers. She repaid him by a devotion which has been well described as a 'tendresse exaltée . . . dont le vrai nom échappe, tant celui d'amitié serait faible et celui d'amour dérisoire.' Walpole's regard for

of the Regent, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgement, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgement on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich. She has an old friend whom I must mention, a Monsieur Pont-deveyle, author of the *Fat Puni*, and the *Complaisant*, and of those pretty novels, the *Comte de Cominge*, the *Siege of Calais*,  
and

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her, which was sincere and constant, was tempered by the fear that her excessive affection might make him ridiculous in the eyes of his friends. His subsequent visits to Paris were undertaken on her account. The correspondence between them, which began on his departure from Paris in 1766, lasted till the death of Madame du Deffand. Her letters to Horace Walpole were first published by Miss Berry in 1810. His letters to her, a number of which were returned to him during Madame du Deffand's lifetime, were largely used by Miss Berry in her notes. Most of the original letters have been destroyed.—T.

and *Les Malheurs de l'Amour*. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's *Daphnis and Chloe* to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old, and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les cara tères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humourist, very supercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can show him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

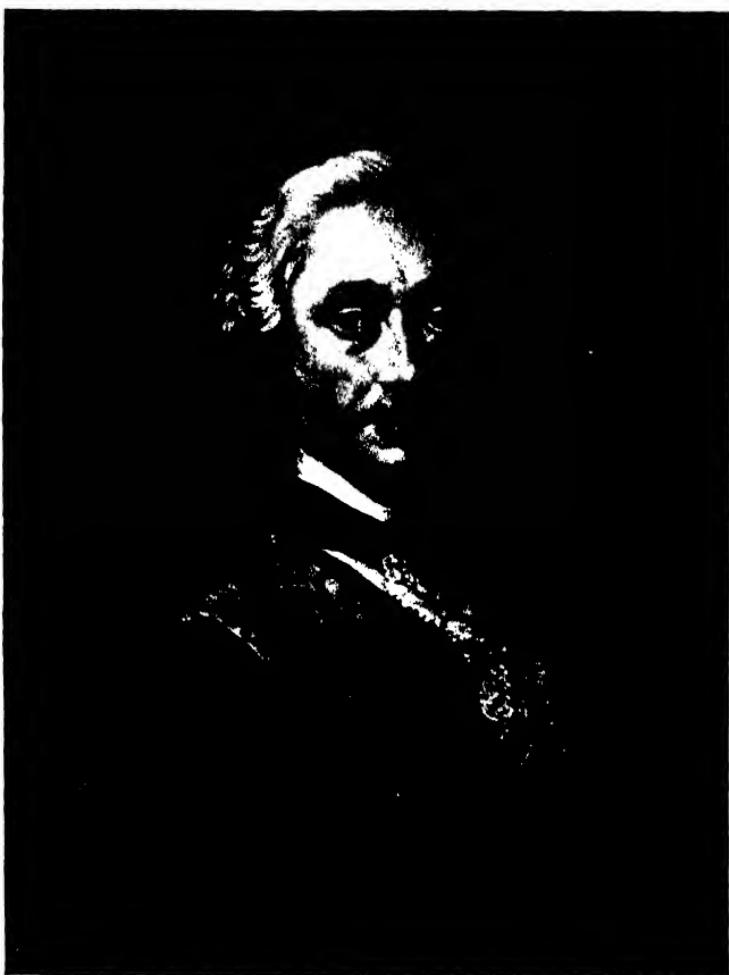
Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful kind, and can be so when she pleases of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shows it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorraine, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the King. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure when it is her interest, but indolent and a coward.

She

She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the King to carry on a course of paying debts or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *Dame du Palais* to the Queen; and the very next day this Princess of Lorraine was seen riding backwards with Madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the King was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic too, and consulted D'Argenson, whether she had not best make off in time. He hated her, and said, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The King recovered his spirits, D'Argenson was banished, and la Maréchale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads which approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pontdeveyle to make a song on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not spare even Majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles. Banishment ensued; and lest he should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the King that he had poisoned her predecessor Madame de Châteauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a *savante*, mistress of the Prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife





THE DUC DE NIVERNAIS

wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing—but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate; with a finesse of wit that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and though a *savante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of Monsieur de Nivernois; for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connection between the sexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendship, is permitted, and Love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at first sight one should think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *Monsieur un tel* has had *Madame une telle*.

The Duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as Madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué partout; guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, and auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*. He would think freely, but has some ambition of being governor to the Dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastical *fagots*. The former out-chatters the Duke of Newcastle; and the latter, Madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the Arch-bishop

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bishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in a small circle of dependent admirers, and Madame de Rochfort is high-priestess for a small salary of credit.

The Duchess of Choiseul, the only young one of these heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in waxwork, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh, it is the gentlest, amiable, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! so just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured! Everybody loves it but its husband, who prefers his own sister, the Duchesse de Grammont, an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him. But I doubt it—she takes too much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the Maréchale de Luxembourg. She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being rather agreeable, for she has wit and good breeding; but you would swear, by the restlessness of her person and the horrors she cannot conceal

ceal, that she had signed the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none so remarkable. In those I send you there is not a feature bestowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few considerable, as Mesdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet lost their characters nor got any.

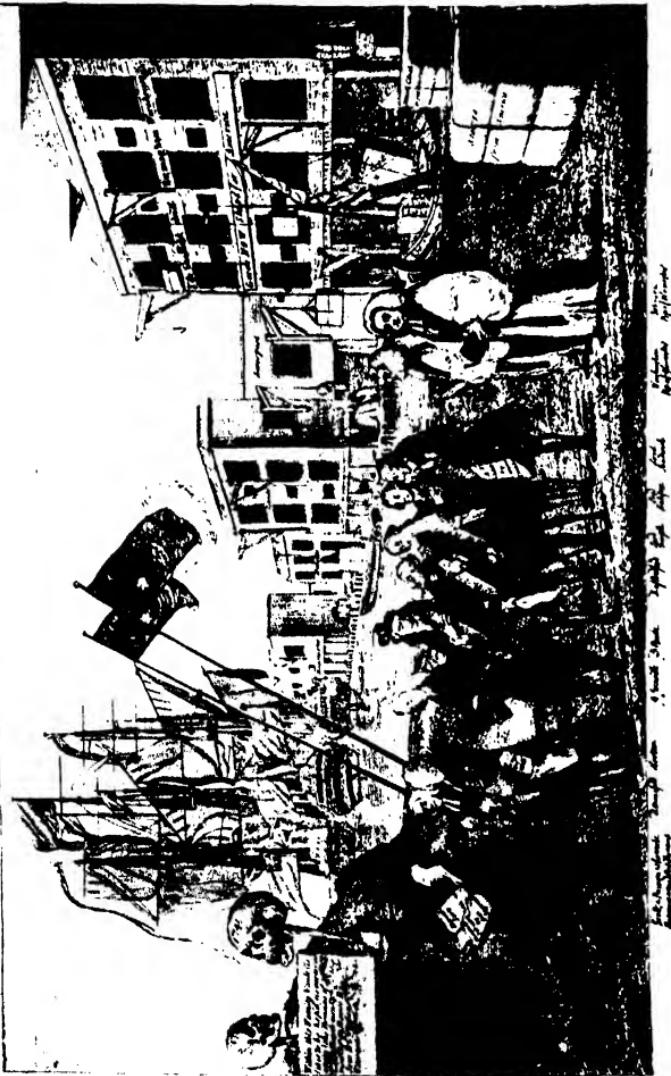
You must not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curiosity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *passe-partout* called the fashion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that fashion?—I myself.—Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Faubourg St. Germain. A *plaisanterie* on Rousseau, whose arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wildfire, and made me the subject of conversation. Rousseau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness. I acted contrition, but had like to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the Prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himself the hero of a history wherein he had nothing to do. I listened, did not understand half he said (nor he neither), forgot the rest, said Yes when I should have said No, yawned when I should have smiled, and was very penitent when I should have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more distressed

tressed, for he owned twenty times more than I had said: she frowned, and made him signs; but she had wound up his clack, and there was no stopping it. The moment she grew angry, the lord of the house grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous sect:—but, when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come here to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the Princess of Talmond, the Queen's cousin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat, a footstool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want anything else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter<sup>1</sup> after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sévigné researches but the frost. The Abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte  
de

<sup>1</sup> The letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau.—WALPOLE.



*The Return of the Strange Set.*



A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE FROM WALPOLE'S COLLECTION

de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March; I shall be there by the end of it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

55. *To David Hume*

[Actæt 48]

Arlington Street

July 26, 1766

Dear Sir,—Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival here, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are

at

<sup>1</sup> Rousseau was at this time convinced that Hume was conspiring against him. He wrote abusive letters to Hume, in one of which he accused Hume of having assisted in the composition of the pretended letter from the King of Prussia, which was in fact written by Horace Walpole. Hume's literary friends in Paris wished him to publish a narrative of his dealings with Rousseau.—T. Hume did publish his dealing with Rousseau and Walpole, to his great disgust, was dragged into it.

at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or anybody else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the litterati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry Hill.

56. *To Thomas Gray*

[*Aetat 50*]

Arlington Street

Feb. 18, 1768

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems* by *Mr. Gray* advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without

out showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter.<sup>1</sup> Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me anything. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shown you mine; which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as *Richard*<sup>2</sup> and the *Noble Authors* were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them; which is, that I cannot correct them.

If

<sup>1</sup> To your friendly accusation, I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodale told me in the spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest my works should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff; viz. *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin* (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welsh, and certain little notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed anything), partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this I shall be but a shrimp of an author.

Gray to Walpole, Feb. 25, 1768.—T.

\* Walpole has just published his *Historic Doubts on Richard III.*

If I write tolerably, it must be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of Lord Capel and Lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the *Noble Authors*, cost me more trouble than all the rest together: and you may perceive that the worst part of *Richard*, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you: at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate: nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on Lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his History. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his History. And yet I admire my Lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation

proclamation was, which Speed in his History says is preserved by Bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not discredited Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun—and of those, nothing but the last volume of *Painters* is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing*?

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, 'People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry.' Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out.<sup>1</sup>—Oh no—leave us, both of you, to

*Amabellas*

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<sup>1</sup> 'I found him close with Swift—  
Indeed?—No doubt,  
(Cries prating Balbus) something  
will come out.'  
Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*—WALPOLE.

*Amabellas*<sup>2</sup> and *Epistles to Ferney*,<sup>3</sup> that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to Mr.——, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder.—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own *Cymons* and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve anything better.

Pray read the new *Account of Corsica*.<sup>4</sup> What relates to Paoli<sup>5</sup> will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule

<sup>2</sup> *Amabella*, a poem by Edward Jerningham (1727-1812).—T.

<sup>3</sup> *Ferney, an Epistle to M. de Voltaire*, by George Keate (1739-1797).—T.

<sup>4</sup> *Account of Corsica*, by James Boswell (1740-1795).—T.

<sup>5</sup> Paschal Paoli (1725-1807), leader of the Corsicans in their struggles for independence.—T.

ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write *Historic Doubts* on the present Duke of G. too. Indeed, they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.<sup>1</sup>

Will you be so kind as to look into *Leslie De Rebus Scotorum*, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated? You will find in Speed my reason for asking this. I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter—and as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

57. *To Sir Horace Mann*

[Aetat 50]

Arlington Street  
Thursday, March 31, 1768

I have received your letter, with the extract of that from Mr. Mackenzie. You know it was not agreeable to my opinion that you should hear of the new promise, because when it is not immediately executed, I look upon it as little preferable to

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole alludes here to the relations of his niece, the Dowager Countess Waldegrave, with the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. Lady Waldegrave had in fact been privately married to the Duke on Sept. 6, 1766, but by the Duke's desire, the marriage was not publicly acknowledged until 1772. When the Duke first distinguished Lady Waldegrave by his attentions, Horace Walpole expressed to his niece his strong disapproval of the connection. This, and his refusal to meet the Duke, caused a breach of Walpole's friendship with Lady Waldegrave until after the public announcement of her marriage.—T.

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to an old one, and because I thought it would be raising the quicksilver of your impatience unnecessarily. I do not think any honours will be bestowed yet. The peerages are all postponed to an indefinite time. If you are in a violent hurry, you may petition the ghosts of your neighbors—Masaniello and the Gracchi. The spirit of one of them walks here; nay, I saw it go by my window yesterday, at noon, in a hackney chair.

Friday

I was interrupted yesterday. The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. This spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The ministry despised him. He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed '*No. 45, Wilkes and Liberty.*' They tore to pieces the coaches of Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to town  
and

and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoilt several with writing 'No. 45,' pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes. I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters. At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had their windows broken. Another mob rose in the City, and Harley, the present mayor, being another Sir William Walworth, and having acted formerly and now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion House not being illuminated, and he out of town, they broke every window, and tried to force their way into the house. The trained bands were sent for, but did not suffice. At last a party of Guards from the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illuminated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were returned members. The day was very quiet, but at night they rose again, and obliged almost every house in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's in Argyll Buildings (Lord Lorn<sup>1</sup> being in Scotland). She was obstinate, and

<sup>1</sup> John Campbell, Lord Lorn, eldest son of John, Duke of Argyll, and second husband of the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess Dowager of Hamilton.—WALPOLE.

and would not illuminate, though with child, and, as they hope, of an heir to the family, and with the Duke, her son,<sup>2</sup> and the rest of her children in the house. There is a small court and parapet wall before the house: they brought iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pavement, and battered the house for three hours. They could not find the key of the back door, nor send for any assistance. The night before, they had obliged the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink ‘Wilkes’s health.’ They stopped and opened the coach of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, who has made a formal complaint, on which the Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to issue a proclamation, but hearing all was quiet, and that only a few houses were illuminated in Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants, a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened since. In short, it has ended like other election riots, and with not a quarter of the mischief that has been done in some other towns.

There are, however, difficulties to come. Wilkes has notified that he intends to surrender himself to his outlawry, the beginning of next term, which comes on the 17th of this month. There is said to be a flaw in the proceedings, in which case his election will be good, though the King’s Bench may fine or imprison him on his former sentence. In my own opinion, the House of Commons is the place where he can do the least hurt, for he is a wretched speaker, and will sink to contempt, like

Admiral

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<sup>2</sup> Duke of Hamilton, her son by her first husband.—WALPOLE.

Admiral Vernon, who I remember just such an illuminated hero, with two birthdays in one year. You will say, he can write better than Vernon—true; and therefore his case is more desperate. Besides, Vernon was rich: Wilkes is undone; and though he has had great support, his patrons will be sick of maintaining him. He must either sink to poverty and a jail, or commit new excesses, for which he will get knocked on the head. The Scotch are his implacable enemies to a man. A Rienzi<sup>1</sup> cannot stop: their histories are summed up in two words—a triumph and an assassination.

I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for the presents his Majesty sent him on his kindness and attention to the late Duke of York. You shall hear the suite of the above histories, which I sit quietly and look at, having nothing more to do with the storm, and sick of politics, but as a spectator, while they pass over the stage of the world. Adieu!

### 58. To George Montagu

[Aetat 50]

Strawberry Hill  
April 15, 1768

Mr. Chute tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the Church, I don't care which. You will

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<sup>1</sup> Nicolo Rienzi, a famous demagogue at Rome.—WALPOLE.

will get the gout, turn Methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fullness of my heart to such an old and true friend—but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it.<sup>1</sup> We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of oats, and discussing stale newspapers? There have you got, I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since Queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant Duke and Duchess,<sup>2</sup> that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talk to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish Armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer: for with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bons mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together,

and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clive retired in April 1769.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who had a seat at Adderbury in Oxfordshire.—T.





THE PRINTING PRESS AT STRAWBERRY HILL

and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known—not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy,<sup>1</sup> but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute, who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue *in character* for the Clive, which she would speak admirably—but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them; for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.

My press is revived, and is printing a French play<sup>2</sup> written by the old Président Hénault. It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it

<sup>1</sup> *The Mysterious Mother*, of which fifty copies were printed at Strawberry Hill.—T.  
<sup>2</sup> *Corndlie, Vestale: tragédie*.—T.

it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished. He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but an hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu! though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P. S. Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

59. *To George Montagu*

[*Aetat 50*]

Strawberry Hill  
June 15, 1768

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you was still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I *will* come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess<sup>1</sup> travel to the north? I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a laddess, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us.

It

<sup>1</sup> Of Buccleuch.—T.

It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason. It is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer'—as if we ever had any other! The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer—I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's Chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any

any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: my patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook<sup>1</sup>: I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of—but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer—therefore, good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

*60. To the Earl of Strafford*

[*Aetat 51*]

Strawberry Hill

Monday, Oct. 10, 1768

I give you a thousand thanks, my dear Lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I shall not be able to repay it with a relation of the masquerade to-night; for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my feet, and have not stirred off my bed or couch since Tuesday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion<sup>1</sup> on Friday, for which a new road, paddock, and bridge were made, as other folks make a dessert. I conclude

<sup>1</sup> She died July 1768.—T.

<sup>1</sup> The villa of the Duke of Northumberland near Brentford.—WALPOLE.

clude Lady Mary<sup>2</sup> has, and will tell you of all these pomps, which health thinks so serious, and sickness with her grave face tells one are so idle. Sickness may make me moralize, but I assure you she does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a comparison between the repose (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the last gout, three years ago—you remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord Weymouth was so good as to call at least once every day, and inquire after me; and the foreign ministers insisted that I should give them the satisfaction of seeing me, that they might tranquillize their sovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were so kind, though very nervous themselves, as to send messengers and long messages every day from Claremont. I cannot say this fit has alarmed Europe quite so much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and asked with much majesty if it was the Duke of Newcastle had sent? ‘No, Sir, it was only the butcher’s boy.’ The butcher’s boy is, indeed, the only courier I have had. Neither the King of France nor the King of Spain appears to be under the least concern about me.

My dear Lord, I have had so many of these transitions in my life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a masquerade. I am ready to say to most people, ‘Mask, I know you.’ I wish I might choose their dresses!

When I have the honour of seeing Lady Strafford, I shall  
beseech

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\*Lady Mary Coke, sister to Lady Strafford.—WALPOLE.

beseech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Yours most sincerely,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

61. *To Thomas Chatterton*<sup>1</sup>

[*Aetat 51*]

Arlington Street  
March 28, 1769

Sir,—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published but last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good

as

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770) the poet, then sixteen years old. He wrote to Horace Walpole in March 1769, under cover to Bathoe, Walpole's bookseller. 'Bathoe . . . brought me a packet left with him. It contained an Ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard the 1st, and I was told in a very few lines that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol.' (See *Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton, Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv. p. 220.)—T.

as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be found? I should not be sorry to print them; or at least, a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The Abbot John's verses that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John Ab Eyck's discovery of oil-painting. If so, it confirms what I had guessed, and have hinted in my *Anecdotes*, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir, but flatter myself from the humanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will sometimes give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.<sup>1</sup>

P. S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington Street.

You

<sup>1</sup> The following note, dated Berkeley Square, March 16, 1792, is printed in *Works of Lord Orford* (vol. iv. p. 239):—‘A letter from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in the *European Magazine* for the past month of February. I believe it is a genuine one, and the first which I wrote to him on his first application to me: though, not having seen the original now, nor since it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the distance of so many years say more than that I do believe it was genuine.’—T.

62. *To George Montagu*[*Aetat 51*]Arlington Street  
May 11, 1769

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good nature returns. Did not you say you should return to London long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter? I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories; but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate—yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory—I have given a *festino* there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there: Monsieur and Madame du Châtelet, the Duc de Liancour, three more French ladies, whose names you will find in the enclosed paper, eight other Frenchmen, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short we were four-and-twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the

the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lisle,<sup>1</sup> one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied the compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whisk and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and at one the company returned to town, saluted by fifty nightingales, who, as tenants of the manor, came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half a guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock—the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half an hour after nine before we got halfway from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted, and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people  
were

<sup>1</sup> The Chevalier de Lille, an officer of dragoons, and a writer of *vers de société*.—T.

were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the *vestimenta* that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu! I have not a word more to say to you.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

P. S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

63. *To the Rev. William Cole*

[Aetat 51]

Strawberry Hill  
June 14, 1769

Dear Sir,—Among many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately—don't be afraid, I do not mean to incommod you at Waterbeach, but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The Bishop has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window



THE REV. WM. COLE, BY G. P. HARDING



window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthnesses; nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the Crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, or such like, after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose; however, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the Bishop after his civility; and I really would give the best advice I could. The Bishop, like Alexander VIII, feels that the clock has struck half an hour past eleven, and is impatient to be let depart in peace after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification; at least, he is impatient to give his eyes that treat—and yet it will be a pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you, that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already, though, by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a little collector to get me all that are *getable*; the rest, the greatest collectors of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had; but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do you expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples? You and your MSS. will all grow mouldy. When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest county under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you, and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered

discovered. Six Saxon bishops and a Duke of Northumberland! <sup>1</sup> You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the History—but, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the Dedication,<sup>2</sup> and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question, till I found he would be quite hurt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it; so to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his *present*, for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with; and in a dedication, you know one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection to the plate, which is, the ten guineas. I have so many drafts on my extravagance for trifles that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the Duke or Duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such opportunity of buying incense—and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of Duke Brythnoth's bones, and ask him to move their Graces to contribute a plate. They could not be so unnatural as to refuse—especially if the Duchess knew the size of his thigh-bone.

I was very happy to show civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I

<sup>1</sup> Their remains were discovered by Cole during some alterations in Ely Cathedral.—T.  
<sup>2</sup> Granger's *Biographical History* was dedicated to Horace Walpole.—T.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what I believe Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his Ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttelton's Monody. It is just as true, as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: that my father, *sitting in George's Coffee-House* (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news), was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover Square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard, but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents entitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place<sup>2</sup> he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is

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<sup>1</sup> William Shenstone (1714-1763).<sup>2</sup> The Leasowes.—T.

is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my housekeeper. I own, I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last it rained a deluge. 'Well!' said I, 'at least nobody will come to-day.' The words were scarce uttered, before the bell rang, a company desired to see the house—I replied, 'Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden.'

Observe; nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson; I was not only much pleased with them, but quite glad to show them how entirely you command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant

HOR. WALPOLE.

64. *To Thomas Chatterton*

[*Aetate 51*]

[*August, 1769*]

Sir,—I do not see, I must own, how those precious MSS., of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist, from whence you say you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not choose to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of those papers) intends

Lord Orford is very ready to oblige any curious Persons with the Sight of his House and Collection; but as it is situated so near London and in so populous a Neighbourhood, and as he refuses a Ticket to nobody that sends for one, it is but reasonable that such Persons as send should comply with the Rules he has been obliged to lay down for showing it.

Any Person sending a Day or two before, may have a Ticket for Four Persons for a Day certain.

No Ticket will serve but on the Day for which it is given. If more than Four Persons come with a Ticket, the Housekeeper has positive Orders to admit none of them.

Every Ticket will admit the Company only between the Hours of Twelve and Three before Dinner, and only One Company will be admitted on the same Day.

The House will never be shown after Dinner; nor at all but from the First of May to the First of October.

As Lord Orford has given Offence by sometimes enlarging the Number of Four, and refusing that Latitude to others, he flatters himself that for the future nobody will take it ill that he strictly confines the Number; as whoever desires him to break his Rule, does in effect expect him to disoblige others, which is what nobody has a right to desire of him.

Persons desiring a Ticket, may apply either to Strawberry-Hill, or to Lord Orford's in Berkeley-Square, London. If any Person does not make use of the Ticket, Lord Orford hopes he shall have Notice; otherwise he is prevented from obliging others on that Day, and thence is put to great Inconvenience.

They who have Tickets are desired not to bring Children.



intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, Sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? poetry, so resembling both Spenser and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the monk wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts.

For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, Sir, I will have them copied, and will send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter, that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I should be better diverted, if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expense, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would show you had little opinion of my judgement; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter

latter, as you say, Sir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour.<sup>1</sup>

65. *To George Montagu*

[*Aetat 52*]

Strawberry Hill  
*Saturday night, July 7, 1770*

After making an inn of your house, it is but decent to thank you for my entertainment, and to acquaint you with the result of my journey. The party passed off much better than I expected. A Princess at the head of a very small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good nature itself, my Lord was very civil, Lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, Lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, Lady Ann Howard and Mrs. Middleton filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a great deal, and had not a cloud the whole time.

We breakfasted at half an hour after nine; but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden

<sup>1</sup> The following note was appended by Horace Walpole to this letter:—‘N.B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his re-demanding his MSS., but not choosing to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.’—T.

garden, or drove about it in cabriolets, till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharaoh till ten, when the Princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden made each day different from the rest: and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lytteltons, Grenvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover and Wilkes, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelie, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized there, and now again commanding there, with the Temple of Friendship, like the Temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

On

On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you believe that nothing ever was so delightful. The idea was really pretty, but, as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia-man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighboring villages to see the Princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great-coats, for fear of catching cold. The Earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame, I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswick lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except Lady Ann—and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli.

But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, is an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes.

It

It is inscribed on one side AMELIAE SOPHIAE, AUG., and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields, in a grove of orange-trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see, through a glade, the river winding at the bottom; from which a thicket rises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of haystacks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the over-bowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

Between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four and five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the Muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo's hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to Lord Temple:—

T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,  
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stow,  
'What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected!  
How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!  
Since yon nymph has appear'd *we* are noticed no more,  
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;  
And what's more provoking, before all our faces,  
Temple thither has drawn both the Muses and Graces.'  
'Keep your temper, dear child,' Phoebus cried with a smile,  
'Nor

'Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.  
Can your shrine any longer with garlands be drest?  
When a true goddess reigns, all the false are supprest.'

If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too pagan upon the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch,—

Recollect, once before that our oracle ceased,  
When a real Divinity rose in the East.

So many heathen temples around had made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good night. I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little Tempe.

Yours ever,  
H. W.

66. *To Lady Mary Coke*

[*Aetat 53*]

Paris  
Aug. 22, 1771

I never trouble your Ladyship with common news. The little events of the world are below the regard of one who steps from throne to throne, and converses only with demigods and demigoddesses. Parliaments are broken here every day

day about our ears, but their splinters are not of consequence enough to send you. I waited for something worthy of being entered in your imperial archives—little thinking that I should be happy enough to be the first to inform you, at least to ascertain you, of the most extraordinary discovery that ever was made, and far more important than the forty dozen of islands, which Dr. Solander<sup>1</sup> has picked up the Lord knows where, as he went to catch new sorts of fleas and crickets; and which said islands, if well husbanded, may produce forty more wars. The discovery I mean will occasion great desolation too: it will produce a violent change in the empire of Parnassus, it will be very prejudicial to the eyes, and considerably reduce the value of what Cibber called the *paraphonalia of a woman of quality*. It is difficult not to moralize on so trist an event! Can we wonder at that fleeting condition of human life, when the brightest and most durable of essences is proved to be but a vapour! No, Madam, I do not mean angels. They have been in some danger; but have been saved, at least for some time, by Madame du Barry, and the late edicts that wink at the return of the Jesuits. The radiances in question have undergone a more fiery trial, and their nothingness is condemned without reprieve. Yes, Madam, diamonds are a bubble, and adamant itself has lost its obduracy! I am sorry to say that it would be a greater compliment now to tell a beauty that she had ruby eyes, than to compare them to a diamond, and if your Ladyship's heart were no harder than adamant, I should be sure  
of

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Charles Solander (1736-1782), who accompanied Cook and Banks on their voyage in the *Endeavour*.—T.

of finding it no longer irresistible. As this memorable process took its rise at Vienna, your Ladyship may perhaps have heard something of it.<sup>1</sup> Public experiments have now been made here; and the day before yesterday the ordeal trial was executed. A diamond was put into a crucible over a moderate fire, and in an hour was absolutely annihilated. No ashes were left, not enough to enclose in a fancy-ring. An emerald mounted the scaffold next—its verdure suffered, but not its essence. The third was a ruby, who triumphed over the flames, and came forth from the furnace as unhurt as Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego—to the immortal disgrace of the diamond: a crystal behaved with as much heroism as the ruby, and not a hair of its head was singed. Nobody can tell how far this revolution will go. For my part, as I foresee that no woman of quality will deign to wear any more diamonds, and that next to rubies, crystal will be the principal ornament in a lady's dress, I am buying up all the old lustres I can meet with. I have already got a piece of two thousand weight, and that I hope to sell for fifty thousand pounds to the first nabob's daughter that is married, for a pair of earrings; and I have another still larger, that I am taking to pieces and intend to have set in a stomacher large enough for the most prominent slope of the present age. Madame du Barry they say has already given Pitt's diamond to her chambermaid; and if Lord Pigott<sup>2</sup> is wise, he will change his at Betts's glass shop for a dozen

<sup>1</sup> These experiments are described in *Ann. Reg.*, 1771, p. 141.—T.

<sup>2</sup> George Pigot (1719-1777), first Baron Pigot, Governor of Madras, 1755-1763, 1775-1776. He bequeathed his diamond to his brothers and sisters, who sold it for more than twenty-three thousand pounds.—T.

dozen strong beer glasses. As to Lord Clive and the Lady of Loretto, I do not feel much pity for them; they are rich enough to stand this loss. The reflections one might make on this disaster are infinite, but I will take up no more of your Ladyship's time—nor do I condole with you, Madam; your philosophy is incapable of being shaken by so sublunary a consideration, as a decrease in the value of your large ring. It has a secret and inestimable merit, which is out of the power of a crucible to assail; and you and it will remain or become stars, when the fashion of this world passeth away.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

67. *To the Rev. William Mason*

[Aetate 53]

Strawberry Hill  
Sept. 25, 1771

I have received both your letters, Sir, by Mr. Stonhewer and by the post from York. I direct this to Aston rather than to York, for fear of any miscarriage, and will remember to insert *near Sheffield*.

I not only agree with your sentiments, but am flattered that they countenance my own practice. In some cases I have sold my works, and sometimes have made the impressions at my own press pay themselves, as I am not rich enough to treat the public with all I print there; nor do I know why I should. Some editions have been given to charities, to the poor of Twickenham

Twickenham, &c. Mr. Spence's Life of Magliabecchi was bestowed on the reading tailor. I am neither ashamed of being an author, nor a bookseller. My mother's father was a timber-merchant, I have many reasons for thinking myself a worse man, and none for thinking myself better: consequently I shall never blush at doing anything he did. I print much better than I write, and love my trade, and hope I am not one of those *most undeserving of all objects*, printers and booksellers, whom I confess you lash with justice. In short, Sir, I have no notion of poor Mr. Gray's<sup>1</sup> delicacy. I would not sell my talents as orators and senators do, but I would keep a shop, and sell any of my own works that would gain me a livelihood, whether books or shoes, rather than be tempted to sell myself. 'Tis an honest vocation to be a scavenger, but I would not be Solicitor-General. Whatever method you fix upon for the publication of Mr. Gray's works, I dare answer I shall approve, and will, therefore, say no more on it till we meet. I will beg you, Sir, when you come to town to bring me what papers or letters he had preserved of mine: for the answer to Dr. Milles,<sup>2</sup> it is not worth asking you to accept or to take the trouble of bringing me, and, therefore, you may fling it aside where you please.

The epitaph is very unworthy of the subject. I had rather anybody should correct my works than take the pains myself. I thank you very sincerely for criticizing it, but indeed I believe you would with much less trouble write a new one than mend

that

<sup>1</sup> Gray had died four months earlier.

<sup>2</sup> Who had attacked Walpole's *Historic Doubts of Richard III.*

S <sup>r</sup> . William Chambers Esq <sup>r</sup> .	S <sup>r</sup> . G. Savile.
M <sup>r</sup> . Macaulay.	Col. Hornby.
M <sup>r</sup> . Wilkes.	Rob. Pratt Esq <sup>r</sup> .
M <sup>r</sup> . Burke.	Lord Clare.
Sergeant Glyn.	Lord Charles Spencer.
Sergeant Whitaker.	Gen. Fitzroy.
Bishop of Exeter.	Bishop of S <sup>t</sup> . Asaph.
Lord Shelburne.	Edward Capell Esq <sup>r</sup> .
M <sup>r</sup> . Montague.	
Lady Temple.	
George Selwyn Esq <sup>r</sup> .	Anthon's Copies of the Heroic Epistle
Lord Carlisle.	
S. Foote Esq <sup>r</sup> .	
Judge Willes.	
Samuel Jennings Esq <sup>r</sup> .	

MASON'S LIST OF PRESENTATION COPIES OF *The Heroic Epistle*



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that. I abandon it cheerfully to the fire, for surely bad verses on a great poet are the worst of panegyrics. The sensation of the moment dictated the epitaph, but though I was concerned, I was not inspired. Your corrections of my play I remember with the greatest gratitude, because I confess I liked it enough to wish it corrected, and for that friendly act, Sir, I am obliged to you. For writing, I am quitting all thoughts of it; and for several reasons—the best is because it is time to remember that I must quit the world. Mr. Gray was but a year older, and he had much more the appearance of a man to whom several years were promised. A contemporary's death is the Ucalegon of all sermons. In the next place his death has taught me another truth. Authors are said to labour for posterity; for my part I find I did not write even for the rising generation. Experience tells me it was all for those of my own, or near my own, time. The friends I have lost were, I find, more than half the public to me. It is as difficult to write for young people, as to talk to them; I never, I perceive, meant anything about them in what I have written, and cannot commence an acquaintance with them in print.

Mr. Gray was far from an agreeable confidant to self-love, yet I had always more satisfaction in communicating anything to him, though sure to be mortified, than in being flattered by people whose judgement I do not respect. We had besides known each other's ideas from almost infancy, and I was certain he would *understand* precisely whatever I said, whether it was well- or ill-expressed. This is a kind of feeling that every hour of age increases. Mr. Gray's death, I am persuaded, Sir,  
has

has already given you this sensation, and I make no excuse for talking seemingly so much of myself, but though I am the instance of these reflections, they are only part of the conversation, which that sad event occasions, and which I trust we shall renew. I shall sincerely be a little consoled if our common regret draws us nearer together; you will find all possible esteem on my side: as there has been much similarity in some of our pursuits, it may make amends for other defects. I have done with the business, the politics, the pleasures of the world; without turning hermit or morose. My object is to pass the remainder of my life tranquilly and agreeably, with all the amusements that will gild the evening, and are not subject to disappointment; with cheerfulness, for I have very good spirits, and with as much of the company, as I can obtain, of the few persons I value and like. If you have charity enough or inclination to contribute to such a system you will add much to the happiness of it, and if you have not, you will still allow me to say I shall be ever, with great regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

68. *To Lady Mary Coke*

[*Aetat 54*]

Arlington Street  
Dec. 11, 1771

Lady Strafford tells me I ought to write to your Ladyship. I obey, though I am not quite clear that she is in the right.

Can

Can you care for hearing from anybody in England, Madam, when you are indifferent whether you see them or not? I could say a great deal upon this subject, but I will not, only do not be surprised that I have got a new passion. Ancient paladins, I know, were bound to maintain constancy, though they travelled all over the world; but no act of the Parliament of Love was ever passed enjoining fidelity to knights, when it was their ladies that took to travelling. Indeed, if your Ladyship had made a vow to wander till you had obliged every fair dame in Europe to confess how much handsomer I am than their lovers, something might be said; but as you have sent no conquered Amazon to kiss my hand, and to acknowledge my claim, I am not bound to believe that you are travelling to assert my glory; and therefore, regarding you as a truant, I have thrown my handkerchief to another lady, and declare by these presents that I renounce your Ladyship's allegiance. It will be in vain to mount your milk-white palfrey and amble home directly; the die is cast—and Heaven knows whether matrimony itself may not ensue. I shall always retain a sincere friendship for you, but really there was no end of having one's heart jolted about from one country to another, and of having it lugged once a year to Vienna. A heart torn to pieces, like flags torn in battle, is very becoming; but a heart black and blue is horrible, and I can tell you, your Ladyship does not look the better for it, though you have endeavoured to conceal its bruises by embroidering it all over with spread eagles.<sup>1</sup>

But

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Lady Mary Coke's penchant for the Austrian Imperial family.—T.

But here I drop the subject: you are now your own mistress, Madam, and may seek what adventures you please, undisturbed by me. I shall be sorry to see you return even with two black eyes, but shall bear it with all the philosophy of friendship; and as friends always do, shall content myself with telling you that it was your own fault, and with recommending the best eye-water I know. Can a friend go farther, except in whispering to everybody, that if you would have taken my advice, you would have stayed at home?

The best news I can send you, Madam, is that I never saw Lady Strafford look in better health. The town is a desert: grass grows in the pit at the Opera. The Princess of Brunswick is coming: the Princess Dowager is going. There is the devil to pay I don't know where;<sup>1</sup> and the Duke of Chandos is dead to the great joy of that noble family. All the fine ladies are in love with Prince Poniatowski, and some of them win his money at loo—that they may have something to keep for his sake. England is in profound peace. Ireland in a hubbub. December, which is indeed no news to you, is warmer than June, and which is still less news

I am

Your Ladyship's  
Most devoted  
(though inconstant)

Humble Servant,  
HOR. WALPOLE.

What

<sup>1</sup> In Denmark, where the position of the Queen and Struensee was most critical.—T.

69. To the Rev. William Mason<sup>1</sup>

[Aetat 55]

March 2, 1773

What shall I say? how shall I thank you for the kind manner in which you submit your papers<sup>2</sup> to my correction? But if you are friendly I must be just: I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I must beg leave to sharpen your pen, and in that light only, with regard to myself, would make any alterations in your text. I am conscious, that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior. I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating; at the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly

part

<sup>1</sup> The first part of this letter has been omitted.

<sup>2</sup> Mason submitted to Horace Walpole for revision those parts of his *Life of Gray* in which Walpole's name was mentioned.

part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it—he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible. After this confession, I fear you will think I fall far short of the justice I promised him, in the words which I should wish to have substituted to some of yours. If you think them inadequate to the state of the case, as I own they are, preserve this letter, and let some future Sir John Dalrymple produce it to load my memory; but I own I do not desire that any ambiguity should aid his invention to forge an account for me. If you have no objection, I would propose your narrative should run thus, and contain no more, till a more proper time shall come for stating the truth, as I have related it to you. While I am living, it is not pleasant to read one's private quarrels discussed in magazines and newspapers.

*In Section Second*

‘But I must here add, in order to forewarn my readers of a disappointment, that this correspondence (viz. during his travels) is defective towards the end, and includes no description either of Venice or its territory, the last places which Mr. Gray visited. This defect was occasioned by an unfortunate disagreement between him and Mr. Walpole, which arising from the great difference of temper between the pensive, curious philosophy of the former, and the gay and youthful inconsideration

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inconsideration of the latter, occasioned their separation at Reggio.'

*Note to be added.* 'In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend, Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel, confessing that more attention, complaisance, and deference on his part to a warm friendship and to a very superior understanding and judgement might have prevented a rupture, which gave much uneasiness to both, and a lasting concern to the survivor, though in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady, who wished well to them both.'<sup>1</sup>

This note I think will specify all that is necessary, and though humiliating to me, it is due to my friend, and a vindication I owe him. It is also all that seems necessary either in section the second or fourth. As to section third, it is far from accurate, and in one respect what I am sure you will have too much regard to me to mention, as it would hurt me in a very sensible part. You will I am sure sacrifice it to my entreaty, especially as it is to introduce nothing to the prejudice of Mr. Gray: nay, I think he would rather dislike the mention. I mean the place that I might have obtained for him from my father. That I should have tried for such emolument for him, there is no doubt; at least have proposed it to him, though I am far from being clear he would have accepted it. I know that till he did accept the Professorship from the Duke of Grafton, it was my constant belief that he would scorn any place. My inclination to be serviceable to him was so intense, that

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<sup>1</sup> So printed in Mason.

that when we went abroad together, I left a will behind in which I gave him all I then possessed in the world—it was indeed a very trifling all!

With regard to what my father would have done, let me recall the period to you or tell it to you, if you do not know it. I came over<sup>1</sup> in the end of September; my father resigned in the beginning of the following February. Considering how unfavourable to him the new Parliament was, it would, I believe, with any partiality to me, have been impossible for him to have given away any place worth Gray's acceptance, but to a member of Parliament during those four critical months; but this, my dear Sir, is not the part that touches me most. They are your kind words, *favorite son*. Alas! if I ever was so, I was not so thus early! Nor were I so, would I for the world have such a word dropped; it would stab my living brother to the soul, who I have often said adored his father, and of all his children loved him the best. You see I am making a pretty general confession, but can claim absolution on no foundation but that of repentance; you will at least, I am sure, not wound an innocent, meritorious brother from partiality to me. Do just as you think fit about his letters<sup>2</sup> to me: I never thought above a very few proper for publication, but gave them up to you to prove my deference and unreserve. As I still think them charming, I beg to have them again; I have scarce any of his letters that I can call literary, for they only relate to informations he gave me for my own trifling

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<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole returned to England from Italy in Sept. 1741.—T.  
<sup>2</sup> Gray's letters.—T.

trifling books; and I should be ashamed to show how ill I employed such time as his. Indeed they contain little more than the notices I have mentioned to have received from him. Whatever I have of that sort are at Strawberry, and as I am but just able yet, after two-and-twenty weeks, to take the air in Hyde Park, God knows when I shall be able to go to Twickenham. Life itself is grown far less dear to me, since I seem to see a prospect of surviving all that is worth living for. Mr. Martin, my reversionary heir, is ready in every sense to encourage me in these sentiments. Three months ago, when the newspapers proclaimed me dying, he sent a Treasury creature to my clerk to know the worth of my place. The young man was shocked, and asked why Mr. Martin did not apply to me? No, said the agent, Mr. Martin would think that too indelicate. However, not to be too delicate himself when his principal's interest was concerned, he threatened my clerk with Mr. Martin's turning him out as soon as I should be dead. I recollect Martin's practising at the target for six months before he fought Wilkes, and say if I am to blame in a resolution of never dining with my heir-apparent.

I have written such a volume here, and so much on Dalrymples and Martins and kings, that my hand pretends to feel a little gout, and pleads that it is too hard to be forced to talk of Macpherson too. You may be sure, however, that I have not read nor shall I read his Homer *travesti*; <sup>1</sup> all I will add is, that the Scotch seem to be proving they are really descended from the Irish. Dalrymple has discovered humanity

<sup>1</sup> A prose translation of the *Iliad*.—T.

ity to a trunk. Macpherson, I suppose, has been proving by his version, how easy it was to make a Fingal out of Homer, after having tried to prove that Fingal was an original poem. But we live in an age of contradictions. Mr. *Mac* Jenkinson, the other day on the Thirty-nine Articles, called Laud a *very very great man*, and in the same breath, stigmatized those apostles of the Stuarts, David Hume and Lord Bolingbroke. Can a house divided against itself stand? Did not Bolingbroke beget Lord Mansfield and Andrew Stone? Did not Mansfield and Stone beget the Bishop of Chester? Are not atheism and bigotry first cousins? Was not Charles II an atheist and a bigot? and does Mr. Hume pluck a stone from a church but to raise an altar to tyranny? Thank God, if we have as great rogues as Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, at least they are as great fools as Father Petre.<sup>2</sup> For King James I find no parallel—he was sincere in his religion. Adieu! I leave my name out to be supplied by

SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE.

70. *To the Rev. William Mason*

[*Aetat 55*]

Strawberry Hill

March 27, 1773

I received your letter, dear Sir, your MS. and Gray's letters to me, by Mr. Alderson. Twenty things crowd about my pen and jostle and press to be said. As I came hither to-day (my first flight since my illness) for a little air, and to read you undisturbed

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<sup>2</sup> Father Edward Petre (1631-1699), confessor of James II.—T.



Does Envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train!  
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;  
Witness ye H~~u~~lls, ye J~~o~~nsons, Sc~~o~~tt~~s~~, S~~u~~b~~e~~t~~s~~.  
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.  
Let D~~a~~d H~~u~~ll, from the remotest North,  
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;  
D~~a~~d, who there supinely deigns to lye  
The fated Hog of Epicurus' fly;  
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,  
D~~a~~d shall blest Old England's halcyon days;  
The mighty Home bermir'd in prose so long,  
Again shall stalk upon the silts of song:  
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,  
Bids candid Smollet from his cousin steal;  
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,  
Sunk on his St. John's philosophic breast,  
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort  
To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court*.

Verse 34. [Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bingley's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B—'s administration. ~~He was a very upright man, and it is evident that he had a great personal interest in the service, for contributing by his pen to the numbers of Bingley's~~

(and I omitted) a naval life. Surgeon, & Writer for booksellers. He compiled the History of England in two years, in which having grafted above the late Duke of Cumberland, forgetting the rebellion, it entituled him to Dr Bute's favour on occasion, for which also he wrote a tract against His North Briton. like the Bear in all his points, he had been sentenced by the King's bench for a libel on Admiral St Charles Knowles; he with inferior means to Hill's care, for he had not paid the gallions to the royal court, to which the latter declared in print he had been informed by Mr John Allegro, another Dr who had secured his own as a lawyer to present the accusations in favour of the Crown during the last rebellion in Westm'ns' court held as illegal.

his Maliboh) as his wife (and his name is bald), who do they bring together beyond the  
satire in his dictionary - but this is how his name was and remained (that of David, that  
of Dr. H. H. - one who has learned) to the long for writing for payment of his teacher, who was  
David H. H. (or Dr. H. H.). The last is almost the only one that is kindly addressed with grace  
in compliment to persons he wants to be denied - but often (especially H. H. but usually, and humbly  
in imitation of their General friend Lord Balfour) he (writing privately) sends many copies of his (old) book;  
which when sent back (the high official of the General) of their merit; some? are accepted and  
other many not, more or less depending on the quality against particular king.

undisturbed, they shall all have their place in good time; but having so safe a conveyance for my thoughts, I must begin with the uppermost of them, the *Heroic Epistle*.<sup>1</sup> I have read it so very often that I have got it by heart, and as I am now master of all its beauties, I profess I like it infinitely better than I did, and yet I thought I liked it infinitely before: there is more wit, ten times more delicacy of irony, as much poetry and greater facility than, and as, in the *Dunciad*. But what signifies what I think? all the world thinks the same, except a dark corner, where its being so much disliked is still better praise. No soul, as I have heard, has guessed within an hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's<sup>2</sup> name, and I believe contributed to spread that notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and to my infinite honour mine. Lord Nuneham swears he should think so, if I did not commend it so excessively! oh, how very vain I am! Sir William Chambers consoles himself with its having sold him three hundred copies of his book. I do not hear that the patron of arts<sup>3</sup> consoles himself with anything, but is heartily sore: he *would* read it insultingly to Chambers, but soon flung it down in a passion. It is already of the fourth edition. Thank you for giving my impatient heir, Sam Martin, a niche.<sup>4</sup> There is published a defence of negro slavery by his father.

But now, my dear Sir, as you have tapped this mine of talent,  
and

<sup>1</sup> A satiric poem written anonymously by Mason and addressed to Sir William Chambers, author of *Dissertations on Oriental Gardening*.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Anstey, author of *The New Bath Guide*, which Walpole had highly praised.

<sup>3</sup> The King.—T.

<sup>4</sup> See preceding letter.

and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and England's sake do not let it rest. You have a vein of irony and satire that the best of causes bleeds for having wanted. Point all your lightnings at that wretch Dalrymple, and yet make him but the footstool to the throne as you made poor simple Chambers. We are acting the very same scene Dalrymple has brought to fuller light, sacrificing friends to stab heroes and martyrs. There are repeated informations from France that preliminaries of strict union are signed between that court and ours; Lord Stormont<sup>1</sup> is the negotiator, and Lord Mansfield, who has not courage enough even to be Chancellor, hopes the Chancellor of France has courage and villainy enough to assist him in enslaving us, as the French Chancellor<sup>2</sup> has enslaved his own country! If you mind not me, depend upon it you will meet the indignant shade of Sidney in your moonlight walk by your cold bath, who will frown inspiration. You see what you can do, what Milton trusted to prose, what Pope had not principles elevated enough to do, and for doing what Gray's bards will bless you. In short, you have seated yourself close to all three, and you must now remain in full display of your dignity. When *Gray's Life* is finished, you are not permitted to write anything inferior to the *Dispensary*. Thank you for your admirable remark on Barillon's<sup>3</sup> letter: I will communicate it to Mrs. Macaulay, without naming you. She will

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<sup>1</sup> Ambassador at Paris.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Maupeou.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Paul de Barillon d'Amontcourt (d. 1691), Marquis de Branges, Ambassador Extraordinary in London in 1677. Mason considered that there were 'evident internal marks of forgery in Barillon's memoir relating to Algernon Sidney.'—T.

will defend Sidney in her next volume, but he demands a higher pen.

I am extremely pleased with the easy unaffected simplicity of your MS., nor have found anything scarce I would wish added, much less retrenched; unless the paragraph on Lord Bute, which I do not think quite clearly expressed, and yet perhaps too clearly, while you choose to remain unknown for author of the *Epistle*. The paragraph I mean might lead to a suspicion: might it not look a little too, as if Gray, at least his friends for him, had been disappointed? Especially as he asked for the place, and accepted it afterwards from the Duke of Grafton? Since Gray (and I am sorry he did not) has left no marks of indignation against the present times, I do not know whether it were so well to mix politics with a life so unpolitical. But I only suggest this: you are sure I do not speak from disinclination to the censure, but from infinite regard both for him and you. The page and reflections on poor West's<sup>1</sup> death are new, most touching, most exquisitely worded.

I send you Mr. Andrew Stewart's book; and as I had two given to me, I beg you will accept that I send. It will be a great curiosity, for after all his heroism, fear or nationality have preponderated, and it will not be published.

I can add nothing to your account of Gray's going abroad with me. It was my own thought and offer, and was cheerfully accepted. Thank you for inserting my alteration; as I survive, any softening would be unjust to the dead; and nobody can justify him so well as my confession and attestation. It must be

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<sup>1</sup> Richard West, the early friend of Gray and Walpole, d. 1744.

be believed that I was in the wrong, not he, when I allow it. In things of that nature, the survivor has the better chance of being justified; and for your sake, dear Sir, as well as his, I choose you should do justice to your friend. I am sorry I had a fault towards him: it does not wound me to own it.

I return you Mr. Trollope's verses, of which many are excellent, and yet I cannot help thinking the best were Gray's, not only as they appear in his writing, but as they are more nervous and less diffuse than the others. When we meet, why should not we select the best, and make a complete poem?<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy<sup>2</sup>—no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh, in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue. I say nothing of Home's *Alonzo* and Murphy's *Alzuma*, because as the latter is sense and poetry compared to the former, you cannot want an account of either.

Mr.

<sup>1</sup> *The Characters of the Christ-Cross Row*, printed from a fragment preserved by Horace Walpole in Goase's *Works of Gray*, vol. i, p. 410.—T.

<sup>2</sup> *She Stoops to Conquer*, first performed on March 15, 1773.

Mr. Nicholls is returned, transported with Italy. I hope he will come hither with me next week; Gothic ground may sober him a little from pictures and statues, which he will not meet with in his village, and which I doubt will at first be a little irksome. His friend Mr. Barrett stands for Dover, I suppose on the court interest, for Wilkes has sent down a remonstrating candidate. I like the *Parliamentary right*<sup>1</sup> in his City remonstrance. I forgot to tell you too, that I believe the Scotch are heartily sick of their Dalrympleyan publication. It has reopened all the mouths of clamour; and the *Heroic Epistle* arrived in the critical minute to furnish clamour with quotations. You cannot imagine how I used it as fumigation. Whenever I was asked, Have you read Sir John Dalrymple? I replied, Have you read the *Heroic Epistle*? Betty<sup>2</sup> is in raptures on being immortalized; the elephant and ass<sup>3</sup> are become constellations, and *he has stolen the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief*<sup>4</sup> is the proverb in fashion—good night.

Pope—Garth—Boileau—you may guess whether I am or not

Your sincere admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

What

<sup>1</sup> 'The parliamentary right of your Majesty to the crown of these realms.' (*Ann. Reg. 1773*, p. 209.)—T.

<sup>2</sup> Betty Neale:—

'There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet  
Each varied beauty of St. James' Street;  
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair  
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.'

*Heroic Epistle*, 11.113-116.—T.

<sup>3</sup> 'In some fair island will we turn to grass.  
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.'

*Ibid.*, 11.74-75.—T.

<sup>4</sup> 'See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!  
He's stol'n the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.'

*Ibid.*, 11.125-126.—T.

71. To the Countess of Upper Ossory<sup>1</sup>

[Aetat 55]

Strawberry Hill

March 27, 1773

What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed!—so she does, that is the Muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably.

You perceive, Madam, that I have boldly sallied to a play; but the heat of the house and of this sultry March half killed me, yet I limp about as if I was young and pleased. From the play I travelled to Upper Grosvenor Street, to Lady Edgecumbe's, supped at Lady Hertford's. That Maccaroni rake, Lady Powis, who is just come to her estate and spending it, calling in with news of a fire in the Strand at past one in the morning, Lady Hertford, Lady Powis, Mrs. Howe, and I, set out to see it, and were within an inch of seeing the Adelphi buildings

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Anne Liddell (d. 1804) d. of first Baron Ravensworth; m. 1. (1756) Earl of Euston (succeeded his grandfather as third Duke of Grafton in 1757), from whom she was separated in 1765, and divorced in 1769; 2. (1769) John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Ossory. She was the object of Walpole's admiration and interest as Duchess of Grafton. After her divorce and marriage to Lord Ossory (whom Walpole greatly esteemed) their friendship continued, and she became one of Walpole's regular correspondents. . . . T.

buildings burnt to the ground. I was to have gone to the Oratorio next night for Miss Linley's sake, but, being engaged to the French Ambassador's ball afterwards, I thought I was not quite Hercules enough for so many labours, and declined the former.

The house was all arbours and bowers, but rather more approaching to Calcutta, where so many English were stewed to death; for as the Queen would not dis-Maid of Honour herself of Miss Vernon till after the Oratorio, the ball-room was not opened till she arrived, and we were penned together in the little hall till we could not breathe. The quadrilles were very pretty: Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne, and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin, with blond and *collets montés à la reine Elizabeth*; Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Carlisle, and I forget whom, in like dresses with red sashes, *de rouge*, black hats with diamond loops and a few feathers before, began; then the Henri Quatres and Quatresses, who were Lady Craven, Miss Minching, the two Misses Vernons, Mrs. Storer, Mr. Hanger, the Duc de Lauzun, and George Damer, all in white, the men with black hats and white feathers flapping behind, danced another quadrille, and then both quadrilles joined; after which Mrs. Hobart, all in gauze and spangles, like a spangle-pudding, a Miss I forget, Lord Edward Bentinck, and a Mr. Corbet, danced a *pas de quatre*, in which Mrs. Hobart indeed performed admirably.

The fine Mrs. Matthews in white, trimmed down all the neck and petticoat with scarlet cock's feathers, appeared like a new macaw brought from Otaheite; but of all the pretty creatures

creatures next to the Carrara (who was not there) was Mrs. Bunbury; so that with her I was in love till one o'clock, and then came home to bed. The Duchess of Queensberry had a round gown of rose-colour, with a man's cape, which, with the stomacher and sleeves, was all trimmed with mother-of-pearl earrings. This Pindaric gown was a sudden thought to surprise the Duke, with whom she had dined in another dress. Did you ever see so good a joke?

I forgot to tell your Ladyship that Miss Loyd is in the new play<sup>1</sup> by the name of Rachael Buckskin, though he has altered it in the printed copies. Somebody wrote for her a very sensible reproof to him, only it ended with an indecent *grossièreté*. However, the fool took it seriously, and wrote a most dull and scurrilous answer; but, luckily for him, Mr. Beauclerk and Mr. Garrick intercepted it.

Lord Chesterfield was dead before my last letter that foretold his death set out. Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, Madam, to send you. Oh yes! I have his last: being told of his quarrel in Spitalfields, and even that Mrs. F. struck Miss P., he said, 'I always thought Mrs. F. a striking beauty.'

Thus, having given away all his wit to the last farthing, he has left nothing but some poor witticisms in his will, tying up his heir by forfeitures and jokes from going to Newmarket.

I wrote this letter at Strawberry, and find nothing new in town to add but a cold north-east that has brought back all our fires and furs. Pray tell me a little of your Ladyship's futurity, and whether you will deign to pass through London.

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<sup>1</sup> *She Stoops to Conquer*.—T.

## 72. To the Rev. William Cole

[Aetat 55]

Arlington Street

April 27, 1773

I had not time this morning to answer your letter by Mr. Essex, but I gave him the card you desired. You know, I hope, how happy I am to obey any orders of yours.

In the paper I showed you in answer to Masters, you saw I was apprised of Rastel's *Chronicle*, but pray do not mention my knowing of it, because I draw so much from it, that I lie in wait, hoping that Milles, or Masters, or some of their fools, will produce it against me, and then I shall have another word to say to them, which they do not expect, since they think Rastel makes for them.

Mr. Gough<sup>1</sup> wants to be introduced to me! Indeed! I would see him, as he has been midwife to Masters, but he is so dull that he would only be troublesome—and besides you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them, and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence, and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being mediocre. A page in a great author humbles me to the dust, and the conversation of those that are not superior to myself reminds me of what will be thought of myself. I blush to flatter them, or to be flattered by them, and should dread letters being published some time or other, in which they should relate our interviews, and we should

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<sup>1</sup> Richard Gough (1735-1809), the antiquary.

should appear like those puny conceited witlings in Shenstone's and Hughes's *Correspondence*, who give themselves airs from being in possession of the soil of Parnassus for the time being, as peers are proud, because they enjoy the estates of great men who went before them. Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publications, though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead—but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour; and, besides, I know nothing of barrows, and Danish entrenchments, and Saxon barbarisms, and Phoenician characters—in short, I know nothing of those ages that knew nothing—then how should I be of use to modern litterati? All the Scotch metaphysicians have sent me their works. I did not read one of them, because I do not understand what is not understood by those that write about it, and I did not get acquainted with one of the writers. I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey, even though he wrote Lord Buckhorse, or with the author of the *Heroic Epistle*.—I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith, though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

P. S. Mr. Essex has shown me a charming drawing, from a charming round window at Lincoln. It has revived all my eagerness to have him continue his plan.

